McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—2.00 Per Year

VOL LVI SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1919 NO 1

DEATH OF MRS. EARL ABBEY.

The death of Mrs. Earl Abbey of East Smethport occurred at about midnight Monday. She had been sick about a week with influenza and pneumonia, and Tuesday of this week she was taken to her parents' home at Sartwell, where the funeral and burial will be held.

A deplorable feature of this death is that [illegible] small children of [illegible] motherless while the father is also in serious condition from the same disease, but hope is given Wednesday morning that he will recover. Some of the children are also ill. Mrs. Abbey was a highly esteemed woman and aside from the loss the family [illegible] sustained by her death is sincerely mourned by the community.

Mary Matterson was a daughter of John Matterson of Sartwell. Her father is dead. She was 37 years of age, Dec. 12, 1918. She was married to Earl Abbey, Dec. 13, 1905, who survives her, also the following children: Ernest, Bessie, Donald, Margaret and Bernice. Two brothers and two sisters survive her. They are Mrs. Frank Charles Mangus of Sartwell and Rost and Pearl Matterson of Sartwell.

DEATH OF MRS. TANNER.

Mrs. Ellen Tanner, widow of the late Edward Tanner, died at the home of one of her daughters, Mrs. A. [illegible] Freeman, Wednesday, December [illegible], following a week of illness of influenza and pneumonia.

Ellen E. Ebert was born April [illegible], 1837, near Wurtemberg, Germany, [illegible] came to the United States in the year 1853, and they came direct to this country in 1858. Shortly after arriving here they bought a farm in Keating township where they resided together until July 3rd, 1916, when Mr. Tanner died. Mrs. Tanner was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church [illegible] of Christian character and [illegible] of her many friends.

She is survived by the following children: Mrs. Mary Ann Wilcox of Keating township, Mrs. Louise Martin of Keating township, three sons, August and Carl Tanner of Keating township, and William Tanner of East Smethport. One brother and two sisters are also left to mourn the loss of this kind and loving woman, namely, August Ebert, Mrs. Crystal Sayler and Mrs. Caroline Ebert of Virginia.

The funeral services were held at her late home and burial in the family plot near Farmers Valley.

BETULA.

The Venerable Ransom Burdick Was Sick But is Better.

The Betula branch has improved enough to enable the high school to open last Monday morning. The grammar school is expected to begin soon.

Ransom Burdick was sick a few days last week and Dr. Cummings was called in. He is much better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Grinolds and family spent Christmas at Crosby with Mrs. Grinolds' parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Marsh.

John Kilcoin of Instanter was a guest of his sister, Mrs. Elsie Palmerton, Sunday evening.

Fred Petruzzi shot a nice fox Monday.

Stephen Marsh came up from Crosby Sunday night and spent the night at W. W. Grinolds'.

Mr. Parker of Farmers Valley was a business visitor in this place Friday night.

A little baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Petruzzi Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Prouty and son, Milford, of Buffalo, spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Frank Dorio.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

H. J. Hardaere of Oswego, N. Y., who is setting up an Optimus printing press in The Boys' Magazine plant, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday night.

There will be a regular meeting of the Travelers' Club held at the club house January 18. Subject for the day, "Books of the Year." Mrs. H. L. McCoy, Mrs. E. A. Studholme, and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

Lieut. and Mrs. Paul C. Apple who have been spending the holidays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Apple, left for Ridgway on Tuesday morning where they will make their future home. Lieut. Apple will resume his position as engineer with the Ridgway Dynamo works.

DEATH OF WELL KNOWN MAN.

Manager of the Backus Novelty Company, Succumbs to Pneumonia Fever, Following Spanish Influenza.

After several days of suffering under the watchful care of [illegible] physicians, [illegible] died at his home [illegible] Friz. [illegible] Deceased was taken ill [illegible] and was confined to his bed [illegible] days. He was thought to be [illegible] and was able to be up and around the house. Wednesday morning he was taken worse and his condition became serious. Dr. Fritz was called in consultation with Dr. Cummings and Dr. Hamlin but their efforts were unavailing and he passed away at 4 o'clock Thursday morning.

Deceased was born in Smethport, Dec. 25, 1868, and was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Friz. He was married to Miss Mary Ellen Backus, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harry Backus, on Dec. 25, 1895. Besides his widow he is survived by the following children: Mrs. Ruth Hunter, Mrs. Dorothy Hamlin, Mrs. Mary Louise Ellis, Miss Elizabeth Friz, Harry Backus Friz, Charles Friz, Jr., and Miss Jane Friz, all of Smethport. He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Ida Hamlin, Mrs. Lillian Hamlin, Mrs. Mary Hamlin, Mrs. Jessie Hamlin, Mrs. Grace Hamlin, Mrs. Ethel Hamlin, Mrs. Ruth Hamlin, Mrs. Helen Hamlin, Mrs. Florence

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HONOR ROLL

County ..... Town .....

PENNSYLVANIA WAR HISTORY COMMISSION,

PENNSYLVANIA COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE AND COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY

WAR SERVICE RECORD

Fill in for any member of your family in the military or naval service of the United States or of the Allied Countries, from July 28, 1914, to date, and mail to 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

1. Name ..... (Give name in full)

2. Home Address (P. O.) ..... (Street Address)

3. Next of kin .....

Address ..... Relationship .....

4. Age at entrance into service ..... 5. Date of entrance into service .....

6. Branch of service (a) Regular Army, (b) National Guard, (c) National Army, (d) Navy, (e) Naval Reserves, (f) Marine Corps.

6a. Service in Army or Navy of Allies—Give Nation and Branch of service.

7. If in the Army, answer the following:

(a) Department ..... Infantry, Artillery, Medical Corps, etc.

(b) Name and Number of Company, Regiment, etc. .....

.....

(c) Where and when located since beginning service. (See point 12 below.) .....

.....

(d) Rank, with dates of promotions ..... Name each Camp, Fort or Station. (See point 12 below.)

.....

8. If in the Navy, or Naval Reserves, or Marine Corps, answer the following: (See point 12 below.)

(a) Name of ship, or ships .....

(b) Branch of Service .....

(c) Exact Rank with dates of promotions .....

9. Casualties:

If died in the service, or killed, wounded, gassed or missing in action, give on another sheet date of death, cause of death, date and place of battle, and details concerning casualties.

10. If decorated or cited for bravery, or special service, give date and complete details. (See point 12 below.)

11. Date of Discharge .....

12. Notice: If space after a number on this blank is not sufficient, please note additional facts on a separate sheet. Furnish also, if possible, photograph, sketch of life, war experience, letters, diaries or any other interesting information.

Return to the PENNSYLVANIA WAR HISTORY COMMISSION, 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Submitted by .....

Address .....

Date .....

F 9

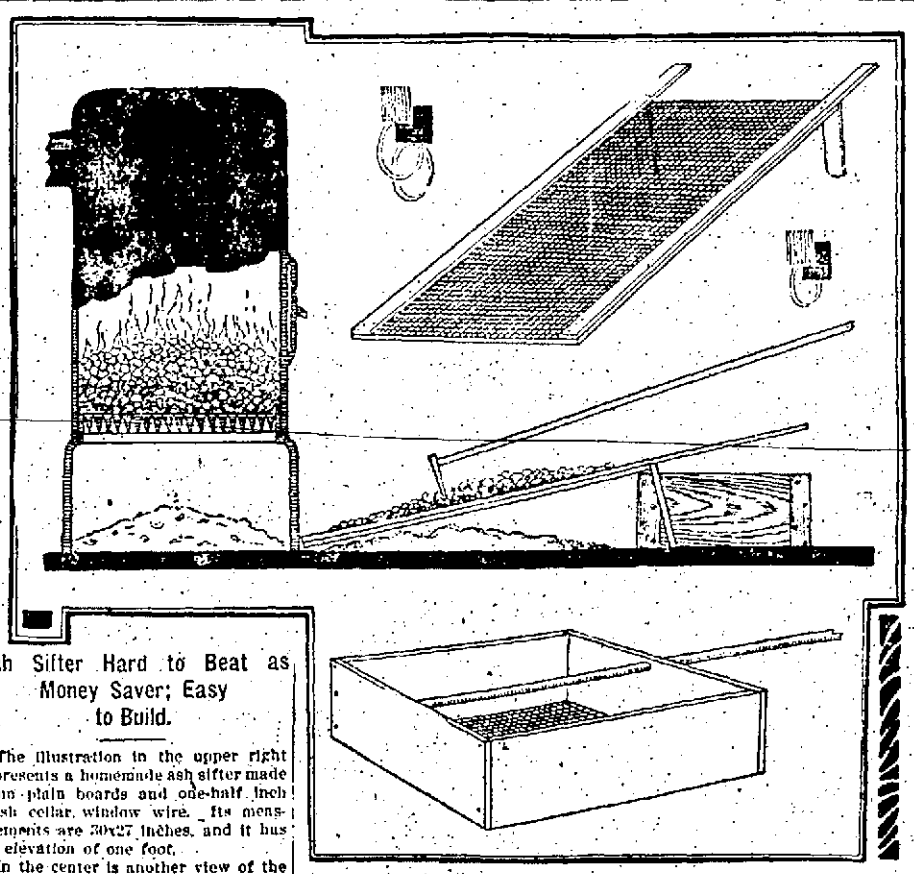
Every Name is Wanted For the Official State Records.

Read the above questions carefully, and answer them fully so that honor may be given where honor is due—to the State of Pennsylvania and its gallant defenders. The War History Commission, of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense, is compiling an official record for historical purposes, of the men who, during the great war, entered the military and naval service of the United States or the Allies.

Names of men who soon sadly enlisted are in par ticular apt to be missing from the Honor Roll unless furnished by their families or friends. But all names, whether those of men who enlisted or who entered the service by draft selection are wanted.

Fill out a *War Service Record for your soldier or sailor boy* and mail it without delay.

HERE ARE TWO SIMPLE HOME-MADE ASH SIFTERS



Ash Sifter Hard to Beat as Money Saver; Easy to Build.

The illustration in the upper right represents a homemade ash sifter made from plain boards and one-half inch mesh cellar window wire. Its measurements are 30x27 inches, and it has an elevation of one foot.

In the center is another view of the same ash sifter. It shows the sifter placed against the ash pit of a heater, with a box in back of it to catch the reclaimed coal.

Ashes are drawn from the ash pit with hoe, as shown in illustration. As they are pulled over the mesh the ashes drop through the sifter and the recovered coal falls into the box. The purpose of this form of sifter is to allay dust and reduce work.

In the lower illustration is a simple form of ash sifter which can be made with four boards, or a box sawed in half, a broomstick and a piece of one-half inch mesh cellar window wire. This style of sifter is efficient but scatters more dust than the other.

The Hardiest Palm.

The hardiest palm at all common is California's Trachycarpus excelsus, known as the windmill palm. Not alone is it hardy in withstanding low temperatures, but it is tough and will endure rough treatment, but boxed it is not a success.

An African Belle.

In Africa a crop of the blackest, curliest, closest hair imaginable makes a girl the belle of the kraal, especially if she be plump, with pizzy eyes, thick lips, a nose like an India-rubber shoe, and a skin that shines like a cooking stove.

Watch and Man Alike.

The watch that works only by fits and starts is never to be trusted. Nor is the man who does his work in the same way ever capable of the highest achievement possible to his station. With men as with watches the best lies in being right and reliable all the time.

WHY

Ostrich Owners Are Congratulating Themselves

The fact that their feathers are to be worn on milady's hat this winter has just saved 800 birds from extinction, according to the San Francisco Chronicle.

When the war broke out it hit the ostrich plume industry, and hit it hard. Ostrich plumes were a drug on the market, and thousands of fine birds owned by Arizona ostrich growers were sold for almost nothing.

Most of them were bought by other concerns at what seemed to them at the time bargain prices. But the plume market failed to revive, and what ostriches remained were eating their heads off. The California ostrich men *were not buying any more birds.* They had more than they knew what to do with. Then it was that somebody suggested eating them.

Last spring Phoenix owners decided that they could no longer keep the birds. The matter of marketing the ostriches as meat was taken up with T. A. Riordan, food administrator for Arizona, and he gave his consent. A committee had the task in charge, and soon had all arrangements completed. The ostriches were to be slaughtered at the *ranch and rushed to the city,* where they would be placed in cold storage prior to selling. The wholesale dealer was all ready. The shops that were to handle ostrich meat at retail had been announced.

Then the good news came.

DUE TO THEIR MILK DIET

Why Yanks Are Noted for Their Physical and Moral Courage Is Explained by Dairyman.

American soldiers have displayed such wonderful physical and moral courage at the front because they are from a dairy nation and are milkfed, is the conviction of M. D. Munn of St. Paul, president of the National Dairy council.

Speaking at the dairy show held in Columbus, O., the other day, Mr. Munn said, "At one time the dairy show very erroneously separated the food value of milk and meat as being equal. Milk has just as much fat-giving value as other foods but more than that, it contains some strong other foods do not contain. A quart of milk supplies the essential elements of child growth which no other food contains."

He continued, saying, last year this country produced approximately 50 billion *pounds,* equal to 45 billion quarts of milk, and yet taking from this the amount used in *condensed milk, butter,* cheese and ice cream there is left only about a glass of milk a day for every person in the United States. Milk made up 19 per cent of the American diet last year.

Why Centennial Is Remembered.

Although it was many days from stagecoach since the great American centennial turned the eyes of a world in the direction of Philadelphia Memorial hall, one of the three *enduring buildings which were not removed* from Fairmount park after the close of the *exhibition,* is visited daily by many persons. Among the attractions in Memorial hall are the Wolfstieb gallery, containing some of the finest specimens of American and European art, and some marvelous reproductions of the pictures of the Italian masters; the Bloomfield-Moore collection of our own colonial and of revolutionary; some postage stamps of the early days of the United States of America; an exhibition of Japanese knives and medieval armor; a reproduction of some of the Vatican statuary; a *full-rigged ship* which a prisoner of the eastern penitentiary made from pieces of bone served in his soup; a miniature of the entire centennial, and finally there is the peeping glass exhibition of the "Last Days of Pompeii."

How October Was Named.

October, during which the sun enters Scorpio, the eighth sign of the zodiac, and which derives its name from the Latin word "octo," meaning "eight," was, of course, once the eighth month of the Roman year, which began with March. In our present, the Julian calendar, October became the *tenth month,* but *the old name has always stuck.* It is commonly said that the selection of a deadly insect to represent October was because the killing frosts of October are as fatal to summer's flowers as the sting of the scorpion is to living creatures.

But the true reason for the choosing of this sign is to be found in the fanciful astronomy of olden days, which saw the shape of the scorpion in a starry *constellation, distinguishing* that particular "house" or quarter of the heavens *through* which the sun passes in this lunar month.

Why Army Likes Motor Kitchens.

Feeding soldiers is an important matter, and the problems it presents have interested many of our inventors.

The traveling kitchen, run by motor power, is a very natural product of the times. There are several types.

The kitchen, with its *big kettles,* large enough to cook food for 250 men at *one operation,* is mounted upon an automobile truck, which can also carry reserve supplies to feed 250 additional men.

For the chauffeur a protected cab is provided in front and the cook may attend to his work in the kitchen even while the truck is moving from place to place, by standing upon a platform in the rear. To prevent it's being jolted off on rough roads a hand rail has been provided to which he can hold.

GREAT MASTER OF THOUGHT

Influence of Aristotle on the Minds of Men Has Been for Two Thousand Years Supreme.

Aristotle was the most famous and influential of the Greek philosophers. He was born 384 B. C. and died in 322 B. C. In the history of western civilization there is no example of any other philosopher having exerted so great and so permanent an influence on the *minds of men as Aristotle. For nearly* 2,000 years his authority was not only predominant, but almost despotic, in all countries where the light of learning had penetrated. During the "dark ages," when little attention was paid to learning, even in the most favored portions of Christian Europe, the philosophy of Aristotle was encouraged and his works diligently studied in the Moslem capitals of Bagdad and Cordova. On the revival of letters in Italy and other parts of Europe, Aristotle *reigned for a time in the schools* without a rival.

After the reformation his influence decreased, and for nearly 200 years after the time of Bacon the works of Aristotle were almost universally neglected among the learned in Europe. Toward the close of the last century, however, attention was again directed to them. His true position in the realm of intellect is admitted to be fully equal, if not superior, to that of any other of the great masters of thought *that the world has ever seen.*

NOT GOOD JUDGE OF POETRY

One Explanation for Napoleon's Peculiar Worship at Shrine of Second-Rate Writer of Verse.

The curious partiality which Napoleon showed for the poems of Ossian, particularly "Temora," puzzled his contemporaries, as it since has his biographers, says the Christian Science Monitor. It is related that he carried a beautifully bound copy of Ossian with him to Egypt, and that on being read passages of the Odyssey by the poet Arnault, while on board ship, he contemptuously exclaimed: "You call that sublime! What a difference between your Homer and my Ossian," and reading some passages from "Temora," he said "This is grand, and sentimental and sublime! *Ossian is a* poet. Homer never lived." Napoleon's preference for the works of the mystery poet of the North continued throughout his life. He was reading Ossian in 1797, and a well-thumbed copy was among his books at St. Helena. There have been many explanations given for so strange a literary preference. The Countess de Monthion unkindly remarks that Napoleon *was notoriously deficient* in his sense of rhythm and that therefore poetry which was not poetry at all as far as form went *for he read Ossian in* French prose, stirred [illegible] poetic.

How Indians Tell Time at Night.

The Apache Indians employed a gourd on which the stars of the heavens were marked. As the constellation rose in the sky the Indian referred to his gourd and found out the hour. By turning the gourd around he could tell the order in which the constellations ought be expected to appear.

The hill people of Assam reckon *time and distance by the number* of quids of betelnut chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, the Dutch colonial assembly was invariably dismissed at the last puff of the third pipe of tobacco of Gov. Wouter Van Twiller.

A Montagnais Indian of Canada will set up a tall stick in the snow when traveling ahead of friends who are to follow. He marks with his foot the line of shadow cast and by the change in the angle of the shadow the oncoming party can tell on arriving at the spot, about how far ahead the leader is.

Hopi Indians.

The first knowledge of the Hopi Indians by Europeans was in July of 1540, soon after Captain General Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado had found the famed golden Seven Cities of Cibola in the poverty-stricken pueblos of Zuni. In the summer he sent westward an exploring party, headed by Don Pedro de Tovar.

Though the very name of the tribe, "Hopitu," means "peaceful people," the Spanish chronicles of their land, known as the province of Tusayan, showed that of all southwestern Indians they have resisted encroachment most, and have, till very lately, generally refused the administration of Christian teachers. About the time of the Spaniards' coming they transferred their habitations to the mesa tops, whereon they now live in a half dozen villages to which the women pack water up steep and rocky trails.

No Unmixed Good.

All good things are subject to abuse, and when abused become pernicious. . . . Great powers, commerce and riches—or, in other words, great national prosperity—may, in like manner, be denominated evils; for they lead to insolence and inordinate ambition, a vicious luxury, licentiousness of morals, and all those vices which corrupt a government, enslave the state and precipitate the ruin of a nation. But no wise statesman will reject the good from an apprehension of the ill. The truth is, in all human affairs there is no good, pure and unmixed. Every advantage has two sides; and wisdom consists in availing ourselves of the good, and guarding as much as possible against the bad.—Alexander Hamilton.

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Magazine Agency

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A gift for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.

Come and make your choice—the price is always the lowest.

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Having bought the GROCERY BUSINESS of George M. Barrett

I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries.

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Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

CHOICE CANDY AND BAKED GOODS AT

BRASTED'S Bakery

"Don't have to make so many trips now"

You should have a Perfection Oil Heater, too. No one is sure of getting a full supply of coal this year. When you have a Perfection you can keep warm and comfortable with *less* coal. And that is what everyone should try to do. A Perfection is *safe*. Of course you *can* use any kind of kerosene, but

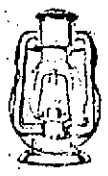
ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL

will give you the most heat. It is known by this special name because it is a special kind of kerosene. It has unusual qualities that give unusual results. No odor, smoke, sputter or charred wicks, but an even, steady heat or a clear, mellow light—always. Use it in your lamps and lanterns.

Go to your dealer *now* and select your Perfection Oil Heater. They are reasonably priced —$5.65 to $10.00.

Rayo Lamps

A central draught lamp that produces a soft, clear and restful light. Many beautiful designs to choose from. Safe and easy to keep clean. See your dealer.



Rayo Lanterns

Give the most light for oil consumed. Coil and hot blast styles, easy to build and clean. Stay lighted in the strongest wind. See your dealer.

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Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware

See McKean County Miner's

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Now then, lets steam up and move ahead. Begin your Bank account to-day, increase it every day, week or month, prove that you are master. $1.00 starts an account.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, Jan. 2, 1919

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A German officer captured by a Yankee private commented thusly: "It must have taken a lot of ships to bring all you fellows over here." Whereupon the Yank responded: "No, only one — the Lusitania."

—Ghordis Pickersgill, who is a soldier in 15th Co., 20th Eng. Corps in France, has sent to his father, John Pickersgill in this place, an interesting souvenir. It is a vase made from the brass shell of the famous "75" type, ornamented with the likeness of a deer and a design of oak leaves. The hammered-brass work shows the artistic skill of one of Ghordis' French friends. This historic and beautiful souvenir is now on exhibition at Pickersgill's bakery.

Don't wait until your cold develops Spanish Influenza or pneumonia. Kill it quick.

CASCARA BROMO QUININE

[illegible] 20 years—in tablet [illegible]—breaks up a cold in 24 hours, relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Bromo's picture. At All Drug Stores.

The Pennsylvania Council of National Defence is authorized by Washington to announce that returned soldiers will be given one month's pay plus transportation allowance of 4 cents per mile from the point of their demobilization to their home towns.

Their railroad tickets will cost two cents per mile by direct route. The demobilization will be from the nearest army camp to the home sections of a majority of the men in each unit.

GOVERNMENT WILL ASSIST WAR WORKERS TO FIND NEW JOBS

The thousands of civilian war workers [illegible] Government service who [illegible] be dispensed because their [illegible] be longer needed will be assisted in [illegible] by employment bureaus now being organized by the United States Civil Service Commission.

[illegible] recommendation of the Civil Service Commission that [illegible] of November 5 [illegible] Order which provides that the names of persons in the competitive classified civil service who [illegible] with unexpired status who were appointed [illegible] permanently prior to the date of the Order, who have served less than three years, who are seperated from the service because of a reduction of force, and who are recommended for further employment by the Government because of demonstrated efficiency in the office from which they are separated will upon request, be entered by the Civil Service Commission upon appropriate eligible registers for reappointment, eligibility thereon to continue for one year from the date of separation.

The reemployment register thus established will be used so far as is practicable for filling positions in the reconstruction period.

It is expected, however, that there will be many applications for eligibles on these reemployment registers, and in order that those who cannot be replaced in the Government service may find positions in private employ, the Civil Service Commission has asked the cooperation of the Department of Labor in the work of finding suitable employment in private establishments for dismissed war workers who can not be further employed by the Government.

It is the view of the Civil Service Commission that the machinery of the Government should be used to the fullest extent in finding employment for the war workers for it is realized that a considerable number of them entered the Government servie at some personal sacrifice to help with the war program.

FINE SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

The MINER is making a tempting subscription offer to which your attention is directed. We offer The Peoples Popular Manthly, Home Life, The Gentlewomen and the Household, four very popular magazines, a year's subscription to all of them and a year's subscription to the MINER all for $2.25. The regular price of the MINER alone is $2.00 per year. Subscriptions may be new or renewals. All renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration. Don't forget this liberal offer in making up your magazine list for the coming year.

"NOTICE."

The annual meeting of the policy holders of the McKean Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Pennsylvania, will be held at the Grange National Bank building, Smethport, Pa., on Thursday, January 9th., 1919, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. for the purpose of electing Directors for the year 1919.

adv30w3 H. D. OTTO, Sec'y.

NOTICE.

Stockholders' Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Grange National Bank of McKean County at Smethport, Pa. for the election of directors and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held at office of said bank on Tuesday the 14th day of January, 1919. From 12 m. to 2 p. m.

adv 30w3 E. E. DRAKE, Cashier.

SECOND-HAND STOVES AND FURNITURE.

Second-hand stoves and furniture for sale. We also buy them. Call phone 26-M if you wish to buy or sell

adv491f. MEYER ZAFRON.

AUDITORS REPORT OF KEATING TWP. ROAD FUND FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 2nd 1918.

Audited at Hamlin Bank December 2nd. to 7th 1918.

Receipts.

Balance from Last Auditors Report (Cash In Bank)	$83.07	
Amount received from Coll. Riley, being over paid on 1916 taxes and credited to his 1917 Tax Collections	.03	
Amount received from Col. Rice on 1917 Tax duplicate	824 08	
Amount received from Coll. Rice on 1918 Tax Duplicate	3430 99	
Amount received from State Treasury Department	1650 19	
Amount received from County Treasurer Potter	3083 60	
Amount received collateral from Hamlin Bank	2175 00	
Amount received from Hamlin & Johnson for use of Road Roller	12 00	
Amount received from [illegible] Sold	8 50	
Amount received from [illegible] for use of Road Roller	12 00	$11620 06 $11620 06

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By [illegible]	697 15	
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	[illegible]	$1450 73 $1450 73
		$11620 06
By [illegible]	[illegible]	
By [illegible]	[illegible]	
By [illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	$11620 06
By [illegible] Township	[illegible]	

Cr.

To Amount due from Coll. Rice on 1917 Tax Duplicate	$801 55	$801 55

Cr.

By Amount being over paid on 1916 duplicate not credited to his 1917 Tax duplicate	03	
By Amount paid on 1917 Duplicate	824 08	
By Amount due from Coll. Rice on 1917 Duplicate to Balance	9 84	
Including 5% added to Taxes after Dec. 1st. 1917.	$834 95	
By Amount of 1917 Exonerations	38 33	
	$873 28	$801 55

Cr.

By Amount of 1918 Tax Duplicate	3430 99	
By Amount of 5% added as penalty to Tax Duplicate after Dec. 1st. 1918	16 05	
	$3447 04	$3447 04

Cr.

By Amount Paid on 1918 Tax Duplicate	$3012 26	
By Amount of 5% added as penalty to Tax Duplicate after Dec. 1st. 1918	211 87	
By Amount Paid Collector of Tax	501 97	
By Amount Paid being Collector's after Dec. 1st.	285 99	
By Amount Paid being 5% penalty added to Taxes after October 1st. 1918	19 25	
By Amount of Exonerations on 1918 Tax Duplicate	27 18	
By Amount due from Coll. Rice on 1918 Tax Duplicate to Balance	718 72	
	$4447 04	$4447 04

Liabilities of Keating Township

Outstanding Bonds	$1500 00
Outstanding orders	2166 80
Loans from Hamlin Bank	2973 00
Amount of Notes Payable as per Contract of Road Roller	1000 00
Outstanding Bills	1758 80
	$8749 80 $8749 80

Resources.

Amount due from Collector Rice on 1917 Taxes including 5% added to Taxes after Dec. 1st	$9 84	
Amount due from Coll. Rice on 1918 Taxes inc. 5% added	718 72	
Amount of Cash in Hamlin Bank	339 95	
Amount due from County Treasurer Potter on 1917 unsettled Tax duplicate	130 25	
Amount due from County Treasurer Potter on 1918 unsettled Tax duplicate	1293 28	
	2495 11	
LIABILITIES in excess of resources	6254 69	
	$8749 80	$8749 80

Keating Township have on Land one Road Roller valued at $2500.00. One Traction Engine and Road Drags valued at $1000. If sold the cash would be considered a Resource.

We, the auditors of Keating Township having examined the accounts of Treasurer E. E. Curtis and Collector H. J. Rice, find them as above stated.

And hereto affix our hand and seal.

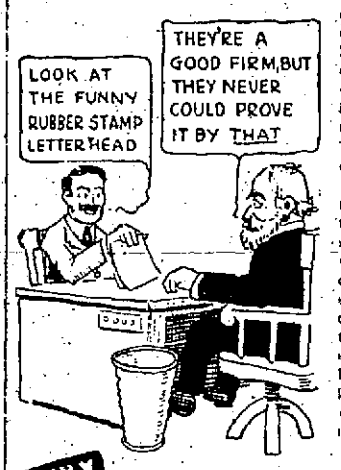
E. E. BROCKHAM.
CHAS. T. FREDERICKS.
S. D. CRAWFORD.
Auditors.

Hamlin Bank, Dec. 7th, 1918.

FOR SALE.

Heavy pair of draft horses. Inquire of GUST E. ANDERSON.

adv30w3*** Mt. Jewett, Pa.


LOOK AT THE FUNNY RUBBER STAMP LETTERHEAD
THEY'RE A GOOD FIRM, BUT THEY NEVER COULD PROVE IT BY THAT
WHY
DO SOME BUSINESSMEN "PRINT" THEIR STATIONERY WITH A RUBBER STAMP?

HOW PROPER SENSE OF SMELL MAY BE RESTORED TO HUMANITY.

—At Etretat, noted French port, it is the custom for each herring boat to take on board a man whose sense of smell is so acute that he can detect the presence of a shoal of herrings by its nausea, and, can even, so Captain Irwin tells us in Fishing Gazette, discriminate between herrings and dogfish! Such a nose would be simply invaluable to entomologists, engineers, in investigating insect scents; work in which a keen, discriminating nose is absolutely essential. The experimenter first lightly breathes on the butterfly or other insect, or else strokes it with a camel-hair pencil. Then he holds it with open wings close to his nostrils, and inhales gently, but is careful not to sniff. A bewildering number of scents has thus been detected.

Naturally the power of smell varies much in different people, and would appear to be particularly developed in the Chinese, to whom Europeans are said to smell like sheep. Efforts are beginning to be made to train the sense of smell in little children by making them guess the names of flowers, etc., from the scent alone, and it will be interesting to see how far it is possible to educate this faculty, which through neglect we have permitted to deteriorate. Whether or a highly developed nose will prove an unmixed blessing must be left to the coming generation to decide.

PAST STILL VITAL IN JAPAN

Why Ancient Heroes Are Able to Exert an Enormous Influence on the People's Minds.

No wonder that Japan's past is a living past, Gertrude Emerson writes in Asia Magazine. The ancient heroes are not dead, but exert their subtle influence through the intimate contacts of the daily life of the people. One meets them under a thousand guises—as legends imprinted on the common blue and white towels upon which the people wipe their hands, as the ever-fresh inspiration for artists in choosing subjects for their paintings, in the commemoration festivities at the countless temples, in the allusions scattered through the "Hundred Poems," familiar to the lips of every boy, woman and child in Japan, appearing in the classic "No" dramas (selected from the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, of the popular theaters, and, finally, so that no one may escape in the "movies." All the really cultural roots of Japan are buried deep in the past, and although the Japanese student of today is thrust unceremoniously into a modern school system of western derivation, his western education sits but lightly upon him. He never breaks free of his own inherited influences, which are peculiarly strong, his own angle of vision, which still has its feudal slant.

How Machine Guns Work.

An automatic machine gun can discharge 250 cartridges of a fully loaded belt in less than 25 seconds. The loading of the cartridge belts is, in comparison, a leisurely occupation. To slip 250 separate cartridges, by hand, into their individual loops in the cartridge belt is tedious and expensive. To expedite matters, a little loading device has been evolved.

Layers of cartridges, as they are removed from the standard box of cartridges, are slipped into the vertical guide, the belt entered between feed wheels of the loading device and the crank turned, just as one would operate the handle of an ice cream machine. The cartridge belt issues on the near side with a cartridge properly inserted in each successive belt loop. In a very few minutes the belt is fitted with its complement of 250 cartridges and is ready for immediate use.

How Waste of Light Is Prevented.

One of the considerable sources of fuel waste is the unnecessary burning of electric lights. A large percentage of lights are used chiefly for limited periods, as for instance in cloak rooms. They are turned on and then heedlessly left burning. Thus we are constantly recommended to shut off needless lights as a matter of national saving.

An invention designed to remedy this condition is the work of J. E. Lewis of New York. By pushing a button the light is turned on and glows for a predetermined period—say, five or ten minutes—and then is automatically cut off. The device has been tested and found practical and seems useful in the way of checking electric light waste.

How Finger Replaced Thumb.

A wonder of modern surgery was seen by the king and queen in the course of their visit of inspection to the Reading war hospital. No. 1. Private Beesley, who was a pianist before he became a soldier, had the thumb of his right hand shot away in action. The surgeons, foreseeing that this would be a grave handicap to him again in civil life, undertook to transplant the third finger of his left hand on the place where his thumb had been. The operation was quite successful, and Private Beesley told the king that he expected to be able to play again as well as ever.—London Mail.

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, January 2, 1919.

The Republican Publicity Association through its president, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., today gave out the following statement from its Washington headquarters:

"The most deplorable feature of the effort to increase paternalism is the lasting effect it has upon the individual mind. Day after day, the bureaucrats at Washington say to the people of the country, 'You can't do it, leave it to us.' Bureaucracy not only tends to destroy self-confidence but it discourages self-help. 'Don't try to do anything for yourself; just pay increased taxes to make up our salaries and expenses and we will do everything for you. You are poor, helpless, ignorant, ambitionless and perhaps dishonest beings without hope of making a success of anything. Give up in despair and let us tell you what to eat, what to drink, what to wear, what to buy and what to sell, what prices to pay and what price to receive, how to do business and how not to do it.'

"Those are not the exact words of bureaucracy, but, boiled down, that is the necessary meaning of everything the socialistic government-ownership, paternalistic bunch have been handing out from Washington for the past five years—with particular energy during the past two years.

"If the people of this country become confirmed pessimists it will be due largely to President Wilson. He has assumed that only a government official can run the railroads, the banks, and the finances of the government. He acts upon the assumption that only a postmaster-general can run the telephones, telegraphs, cables and the postoffice department. Mr. Wilson endeavors to do the political thinking for the country in either peace or war. He is, in his own opinion, the only man who never thinks wrong, and when he changes his mind it is time for the entire country to change. Men who do not agree with him are 'nervous and excited.' Political parties that do not agree with him 'have not had a new idea in thirty years.'

"If we were to accept bureaucracy's picture of this country, what a doleful song we should sing. What dejected countenances we should carry to our daily tasks if we readily believed the assumption that the success of private industry and public business depends upon the wisdom concentrated in so small a group of men. To what a low stage in civilization must we concede we have fallen, if we acquiesce in bureaucracy's view of our intellectual and moral decadence.

"But there is no need to be despondent. An optimistic spirit has prevailed in this country since the days when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Without that optimism a small band of colonists would not have thrown off the yoke of autocracy in 1776. Without that spirit of optimism we should not have girdlroned this continent with rails of steel. Without that optimism we should not have taken the risks involved in sinking oil wells and mining shafts, felling forests and conquering a wilderness. Without that optimism we should not have stretched wires over the land and cables under the sea. Without that optimism we should not have established here a government of the people, for the people and by the people.

"And it is not optimism alone that has made this nation great. Back of that spirit of hope and confidence there has been intelligence, energy and courage—a capacity to do, in eagerness to do, and a daring to do. And in the whole, long, proud list of accomplishments of the people of this country, there is not one for which bureaucracy can claim credit. What a sorry spectacle bureaucracy makes of itself, then, when it tells the people of this country that they are incompetent or dishonest and must be guided in all their activities by men who never made a success of any productive enterprise. And what a sorry spectacle the people of this country will make of themselves if they stand for the insult."

Washington, Dec. 24.—"It is hardly too much to say that the basic terms of peace have already been determined," declared a well-known diplomat while in Washington recently. "Ostensibly Mr. Wilson was asked to come to Paris for the purpose of formulating, with the three premiers, the great principles that will be laid before the formal peace conference for its discussion and elaboration. But the premiers themselves have held already several conferences, and in reality they are the gentlemen who have framed the essential policies that will be adhered to by England, France and Italy. Doubtless the opinion of Mr. Wilson will be asked and it may be that he will think he has had a guiding hand in the determination of terms. That will, of course, be the impression that the cables are made to bring to America. But it may be taken as a fact that the terms of peace are going to be written by the nations that have suffered from the war, and that in the future will have to live as near neighbors to the people who are responsible for their sacrifices. The United States, with its safety comparatively secured by 3,000 miles of intervening water, will have very little to say about the terms imposed upon Germany.

"And that is as it should be. The fact that England, France and Italy will dominate the peace conference does not mean that the interests of the United States will suffer thereby. Those countries well know that the end of the war was hastened and victory made secure for the allies by the intervention of America. They also are aware that they are debtors to the United States not only in a sentimental way but intrinsically to the extent of about seven billion dollars. Those considerations will insure for this country not only fair but generous treatment in the conference.

"But, on the other hand, the United States must concede, and its citizens generally, with the exception of Mr. Wilson, do concede, that the problems of the peace table relate essentially to Europe. The only question in which we have an interest is a disarmament of Germany that will render her impotent to disturb again the peace of the world. The other points in the treaty will deal with European boundaries, indemnities and reparations, none of which concerns this country in the least.

"The stripping of power from Germany may be left safely to the allies, who can do it far more effectually alone that if interferred with by Wilsonian ideals. And they know it. They also know that the settlement of European state boundaries is none of our business and they will not consent to interference on that score from Mr. Wilson. It may be said that if the proposed league of nations enters into the treaty the United States will have a very vital interest in that document. That is true, but the allies know that in order to give force to such a league the treaty must first be ratified by the United States Senate, representing the American people, and with that thought in mind the interests of this country will be dealt with very considerably."

"Secure in his White House study, Mr. Wilson serenely reached certain conclusions from cabled news of the world war. With his mind filled with his deductions he went to Paris intent on dominating a peace conference whose other members have lived through four long years of war, have seen and suffered with their people, and who know at first hand of horrors the repetition of which they seek now to prevent. It is ridiculous to suppose for a moment that they will allow Mr. Wilson's forgive and forget policies to interfere with the program they have mapped out."

Food Administrator Hoover, in Europe arranging for the peoples of the war devasted territories, has refused in emphatic terms to discuss German food conditions with Baron von Der Lancken and Dr. Rieth, who sought a meeting with the food administrator.

A message from Paris said those two German officials, who were prominent in the German administration of Belgium, wired from Berlin to Walter Lyman Brown, director of the commission for relief in Belgium, at Rotterdam, that they had been appointed by the German government to negotiate with Mr. Hoover for food supplies and that they desired Mr. Hoover to advise them when and where he would meet them. In answer to the request for a conference, Mr. Hoover sent this message: "You can describe two and a half years of arrogance toward ourselves and cruelty to the Belgians in any language you may select, and tell the pair personally to go to hell with my compliments. If I do have to deal with Germans it will not be with that pair."

"Unquestionably," says Vice President Marshall, "I would assume the Presidency if a court having jurisdiction directed me to do so. I shall not of my own volition assume President Wilson's office." In those words Mr. Marshall distinctly repudiates his oath to support and defend the Constitution. He will conduct himself according to the terms of that instrument only when compelled to do so by a higher authority. The Constitution demands the Vice President to assume the duties of the President when the latter is unable to discharge the duties of his office. With Mr. Wilson in Paris it will probably be physically impossible for him to consider and sign or veto bills within ten days of their passage by Congress as prescribed in the Constitution. If he goes to Rome, as has been intimated he will, there can be no doubt of his "inability." If the Vice President under those circumstances refuses to act as President he will unquestionably lay himself open to impeachment, and as the charges would be based on facts easily proven he would be convicted and removed from office. Mr. Marshall owes it to his own reputation to consider carefully the consequences of the rash course he has set for himself.

BOTH WERE OUT OF LUCK

Colonel Just Happened Along, and Private Selected Poor Material on Which to Practice.

The colonel had ridden his horse to town in the afternoon, and it was dark when he returned to camp. Some distance outside the guard line he was challenged by a voice from the darkness:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Colonel," he answered as he reined in his mount. "Dismount, colonel. Advance to be recognized."

He was certain that there was some mistake, for no guard was supposed to be posted there. But a sentry's orders are not to be disobeyed, so he grumblingly dismounted and led his horse forward, inwardly vowing vengeance against the sergeant of the guard who had caused him all this trouble.

As he approached the sentry he burst out wrathfully:

"Who in thunder posted you here?"

"No one, sir. I'm just practising."

Tension Was Relieved.

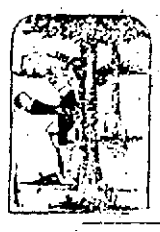
Some time ago a regiment of colored stevedores was en route overseas on a transport. A large number of them were cornfield and cotton workers, unaccustomed to the water. Of course there had been much talk of submarines.

On the sixth day out one of the cannons of the transport suddenly boomed, and call to quarters was sounded, soon followed by "Abandon ship" call. There were several more shots, and the feeling was intense. It was not known whether the submarine would fire a torpedo or not. After a series of shots, with the tension at its highest pitch, there was a sudden dead quiet. All faces were peering over the rail for the unknown peril. Suddenly from the coal rank was heard, "Is dere any nigger present what wants to buy a good watch and chain?"

The tension was immediately relieved.

New Airplanes.

New British airplanes increase the margin of safety against accident. This story of a recent test shows how stable these airplanes are: A pilot climbed to a sufficient height, and then stopped his engine and took his hands off the controls, merely keeping his feet on the rudder bar. He steered for an airdrome 20 miles away and except for keeping it straight he let the plane do what it liked. It travelled the whole 20 miles as steadily as a bicycle rousting down a long, straight and gentle hill. Of course, the pilot had to take hold of the control stick to land the machine in the airdrome, but except for that and the steering the plane made the whole journey by itself.



A DISAGREEABLE MENT RIGHT AWAY.

This is a delightful place to spend our honeymoon, isn't it? Not another man in sight.

That's the only objection I have to it.

Hampered by Bad Roads.

Had Palestine been provided with good roads the British could have ended the campaign thereon last year. It is a small country. The area west of the Jordan is only 6,040 square miles, or, approximately, the size of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. With the indefinite territory east of the Jordan added, estimated variously at 9,500 to 3,800 square miles—mostly arid desert—Palestine is about the size of Vermont, and curious to relate, roughly the same shape. The Connecticut river, that separates Vermont from New Hampshire, is a much larger stream than the Jordan; also very much straighter and better behaved.

Controlling the Winds.

Controlling the winds is not yet an aviation triumph. If an aircraft starts from one point to fly to another due east, and there is a wind blowing at 15 miles an hour northeast, that will clearly have to be taken into consideration, and the compass course altered (before ascending), according to the total distances of the journey.

Italy Has New Fertilizer.

Italian manufacturers are turning out a new fertilizer, called tetraphosphate, which, according to technical experts, is equally as good as, if not better than, some of the phosphates that have been in use for years. The new fertilizer is made by a special treatment of natural phosphate rock powder.

Woof, Woof!

Irate Caller—Say, that derp dog of yours tried to bite me without a moment's warning.

Man of the House—Very likely, sir. He often takes snap judgment on strangers.

The Undaunted Amateur.

"Are you going to make another garden next year?"

"No," said Mr. Crosslots. "I'm going to keep on coaxing the same old garden."

One Airman's Record.

One British airman serving on the western front in a single month shot down 25 German planes. In all he has destroyed 75 Teuton machines.

Buffalo War Exposition

January 4th - 12th, inclusive

Presented by the United States and Allied Governments

All the Munitions Used by "Our Boys" Along with Trophies Captured

TICKETS, at the Gate

Adults, 50 Cents Children, 25 Cents

Advance Sale at Half Price, 25 and 15 Cts.

Office, 242 Main Street, Buffalo

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

The Lindholm Grocery,

Telephone 16-M.

CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper. Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER

AND PLENTY OF IT

Is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Smethport.

FIGHT THE FLU WITH GOOD EATS.

Half the battle is won if your system is nourished with good food. Get the pure unadulterated lines of food stuffs—the kind we sell here.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

The Store with many years' reputation for fair and square dealing.

Don't forget the Old Reliable Stand when buying Christmas presents.

Toilet Cases, Knitting Sets, Work Boxes, beautiful line of Ladies' Purses, Perfumes, a full line of Stationery. In fact everything to make the heart glad for Christmas.

The Old Reliable Stand

H. C. WELLS

Drug Store.

New Years Greetings

Your appreciated and extended patronage which has been our privilege to enjoy, has marked a brilliant stone in our future building.

Facilities on every hand makes it possible to serve you promptly and with utmost efficiency.

Success comes through service. May the service that we render, aid you toward success with the New Year.

Masser Brothers Co.

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE-149

"Royal Rochester" Ware at Reduced Prices

A few items we are offering at Pre-Inventory prices:

$4.25 Casseroles,	at $3.49
4.50 Casseroles	at 3.78
5.00 Casseroles	at 4.18
5.25 Casseroles	at 4.39
2.50 Serving Dish	at 1.90
3.50 Serving Dish	at 2.96
5.00 Baking Dish	at 4.18
3.50 Bean Pots	at 4.18
6.75 Coffee Urn	at 5.61

Come in and make 50c act like a $1.00.

B. T. GALICK

The Corner Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa. as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, Jan. 2, 1919

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Harry Roeder, wife and children of Wellsville, N. Y., have been visiting Mrs. J. B. Roeder of Farmers Valley.

Miss Alene McCarthy who has been confined to her home on East street with scarlet fever has fully recovered and is now able to be out.

Jack Judge, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Judge, who has been confined to his home on East Main street with scarlet fever is now in the best of health.

The Methodist church and Sunday School will reopen January 5. The subject of the morning sermon will be: "The displacements and replacements of life".

Smethport Lodge, No. 389, I. O. O. F. will confer the four degrees during the month of January, beginning Friday, January 3, 1919. All members are requested to attend and assist in the work.

Mrs. J. B. Roeder and daughters, Winifred and Rita, returned to their home in Farmers Valley, Monday, from Atwater, Ohio, where they were called on account of sickness in Rodney Roeder's family.

Your attention is directed to the eighth page of today's issue that is entirely taken up with the annual clearance sale announcement of the Fry Company. This is one of the big selling events of the year and one very popular with Smethport people. Interesting prices are quoted.

The prisoners in the county jail were certainly thankful to Sheriff and Mrs. Jones for a Christmas dinner composed of chicken, chicken gravy and biscuits, beet pickles, apple butter, bread, coffee and mince pie. In a signed letter of thanks in the Bradford Star-Record they also testify their appreciation of Christmas gifts received from Mrs. Robinson.

The Pennsylvania Council of National Defense is authorized by Washington to announce that returning soldiers will be given one month's pay plus transportation allowance of 3½c per mile from the point of their demobilization to their home towns. Their railroad tickets will cost two cents per mile by direct route. Demobilization will be from the nearest army camp to the home sections of a majority of the men in each unit.

George Irons, who was 84 years old December 27, returned to his home in Keating township, Thursday, December 26, after being in the Women's Hospital in Buffalo for the past two months, where he successfully underwent an operation for bladder trouble and is now in the best of health. He was accompanied by one of his daughters, Miss Maude Irons, who went to Buffalo Monday for the purpose of bringing him home.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Attorney Charles W. Catlin of Port Allegany was in town Tuesday.

T. J. Young has returned from a visit with his father at Kane, Pa.

W. J. Milliken of Bradford was a Smethport business visitor Tuesday.

Wm. McCammon of Olean was a Smethport visitor Friday and Saturday.

Miss Mary Hennetty of Buffalo was a guest of her parents, over Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Simpkins of Sheffield, Pa., spent Christmas week with Mrs. Lloyd Kohn.

D. McCarty of Clearfield, Pa., spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. W. G. Holder and family.

M. O'Brien was home from Burrows, Pa., and spent Christmas with his family in this place.

Miss C. Calkins of Erie Pa., spent the holiday season with relatives and friends in this place.

Miss Helen Anderson, Miss Ellen Anderson and Mrs. Albert Lyne were Olean visitors last week.

Bernard Ball returned to Camp Lee, Saturday afternoon, spending Christmas with Mrs. Ball in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Anderson and two children have returned from a visit with relatives in Norwich, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harlmayer of Buffalo, N. Y. spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walker were in Bradford a few days this week guests of Mr and Mrs. J. S. Walker.

Paul Hamlin of Chicago, Ill., has been a guest of his mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin for the past two weeks.

Edwin Kohn of the aviation service who had been home for a short time left Monday for Los Angeles, California.

H. B. Corey of the U. S. A. Aeronautic Station at Rockaway Beech, L. I., spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Halpenny.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dunbar of Olean, N. Y., have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Garrett during the holidays.

W. P. Mithell left Friday for Washington, D. C. Mrs. Mithell and daughter, Norma, remaining for a longer visit with her parents, Mr and Mrs. Samuel Green.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander has returned to Camp Dix, after a short visit at his home in Smethport.

Charles Shultz, linotype operator at the Democrat office spent Christmas with his mother in Belmont, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Curt Witherow spent Christmas with Mrs. Witherow's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dumjohn at Clermont.

Frederick Specht of Camp Vail, N. J. is spending a five-days furlough with his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht.

F. H. Nourse and daughter, Lois spent last week in Olean, guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. E. G. Peterson.

Mrs. Maria Carter left last week Thursday for an extended visit with relatives and friends in Olean and Friendship.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rogers and daughter, Miss Janette Rogers spent Christmas at the home of Mrs. Rogers' father, H. M. Choate.

M. M. Pomeroy and daughter, Katherine have returned from Ithaca, N. Y. where they had been guests of Mrs. Pomeroy's mother.

Mrs. Bernard Ball accompanied Mr. Ball as far as Olean Saturday, where they were guests of Mr. Ball's parents for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Brownell and infant son, of New York City have been guests of relatives in this place during the holiday season.

Miss Lenore Lemmler has returned to her school duties at Shinglehouse after spending Christmas week with her parents, Mr and Mrs. Chas Lemmler.

Hon. A. W. Mitchell and sons John and George of Erie Pa., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell and Mrs. Mary H. Forrest for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Richards, Jr., and daughter, Nancy of Kushequa, Pa. spent the holidays with Mrs. Richards' parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Colegrove.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas Broadbent and daughter, Betty, returned to their home in Woodbury, N. J. Friday after a visit with Mrs. Broadbent's parents, Mr and Mrs. W. G. Holder.

Mrs. F. L. Shattuck has returned to her home in Linesville, Pa., after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. H. L. Pickus of this place and her father, Henry Richmond at Whitesville, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton and sons, Edwin, Robert and William of New Kensington, Pa., were guests of Mrs. Mary Hussey and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton during the holidays.

E. B. McCoy who has been foreman over construction work on the Pennsylvania railroad at Larabee for the past six months is visiting relatives in this borough.

Mrs. Julia Warshofsky and daughter, Miss Rosalin, of Brooklyn, N. Y. visited Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Kuhn the week. Both were warmly welcomed by many friends as they are highly esteemed former residents. Miss Rosaline being a small child when the family left here fifteen years ago.

Once a Spanish Highway.

"The Spanish Main" was a name formerly given to the southern portion of the Caribbean sea and the neighboring coast, as it embraced the route traversed by the Spanish treasure ships from Mexico, Central America, and the northern shores of South America. These waters were once a Spanish highway, but the name has no significance now.

Real Friendship.

Honest men and women esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is as it were another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partake of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction; add to this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us.—Translated from the Brahmin.

Right Road to Happiness.

The unselfish are the happiest—those who work to make others happy and forget themselves. The dissatisfied are those who are seeking happiness for themselves.

NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pennsylvania.

In the Matter of the Change of Name of Gale Harling Oxley.

Decree of Court.

Now, to-wit, December 12, 1918, the petition of Gale Harling Oxley, a resident of McKean County, having been presented to this Court more than three months prior hereto, to-wit, September 5, 1918, praying this Court to make a decree changing his name as above to Gale Oxley Matson.

It is hereby ordered and decreed that the prayer of said petition is hereby granted and the petitioner shall henceforth take the name and be known as Gale Oxley Matson.

Notice of this decree to be published in the McKean County Miner for four successive weeks as provided by the Act of April 9, 1852, P. L. 301.

(Signed) J. W. BOUTON,
Jones & Wick, P. J.
Attorneys for Petitioner. advtw3

Penn's Desk and Long's Sword.

A desk originally owned by William Penn and a sword carried by Major Long, United States engineers, while he was a member of the first official government survey of the Rocky Mountains were among the articles bequeathed in the will of the late William Foulke Johnes of New York. Mr. Johnes left the old desk to his widow, with the provision that on her death it is to go to Independence hall, Philadelphia. The sword was given to the Smithsonian institution.

Taking Our Share.

In life it is as it is in armies; there is a share of hardness for each one. "Each man shall bear his own burden." This is part of the discipline of life and it only makes confusion when any refuse to take their share. It is the wide distribution of the burden of society upon many different shoulders that makes the world's work go forward even as smoothly as it does. One man who will not take his share of hardness is an enemy of all willing workers.

Avoid Becoming Nagger.

If you find yourself inclined to become a nagger you had better apply for a little vacation and a change of scene. Absence from home and business is often the best cure for a blue goggled vision. A little contact with the world and the struggles of others often helps make home folks more reasonable—at least for a time. Forestall the malady by learning to see the better side of life. Practice kindly speech even if it hurts you.

Folly of Monarchial Government.

As the exercise of government requires talents and abilities, and as talents and abilities cannot have hereditary descent, it is evident that hereditary succession requires a belief from man to which his reason cannot subscribe and which can only be established upon ignorance; and the more ignorant any country is, the better it is fitted for the monarchial species of government.—Thomas Paine.

First Attempt to Explore Africa.

The first recorded attempt to explore the interior of Africa was made by Mungo Park, who set sail on his initial voyage to the Dark Continent 123 years ago. He returned two years and seven months later after having explored a considerable section of Africa never before visited by a white man, although he failed in his main purpose, which was to trace the source of the River Niger.

When a Nut Isn't.

The peanut isn't a nut at all, but a member of the pea, bean and clover family. It is a legume and gathers nitrogen from the air. Peanuts do not grow from roots, but on shoots which grow out from the plant above ground, bear a little sterile yellow blossom and then shoot directly into the ground where the pea thrives. Here peanuts begin to grow on them.—St. Nicholas.

Not Really Sardines.

A large proportion of the so-called sardines taken along the Atlantic coast of this country and Canada are not true sardines, but are the young of the herring and menhadden. They are prepared in about the same way as true European sardines, however, and it would puzzle some of the most experienced epicures to distinguish the spurious from the genuine.

Forests of the Caucasus.

The forests of the Caucasus in Russia are estimated at 12,000,000 acres, chiefly in the Black Sea territory, which is at the rate of nearly 20 acres to each inhabitant. The forests of western Siberia have been scarcely explored, but they are stated to be 200,000,000 acres in extent, more than half being in an absolute state of nature.

Likes Hot Stuff.

The common green frog has been discovered to possess an insatiate greed for wasps. This extraordinary appetite does not seem to be in the least checked by an occasional sting. The protecting color of the frog, which sits motionless upon leaves, no doubt deludes the most wary of insects into a sense of security.

Getting Rid of It.

Mary Elizabeth had been sitting by her mother for a full hour trying with all her might to make a dress for her dollie. Suddenly she heaved a deep sigh, and when her mother asked her why she did so, she replied, "Oh, I dess just to let the tired get out."

Live in Today.

Do today's duty, fight today's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. —Charles Kingsley.

Difficult Men to Handle.

There is no class of men so difficult to be managed in a state as those whose intentions are honest, but whose consciences are bewitched.—Napoleon.

Interest.

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues and plays all sorts of parts, even the part of the disinterested.—La Rochefoucauld.

LARABEE.

Visited Buffalo and Utica—General News of the Week.

Rev. Dr. Agate of Emporium celebrated Holy Communion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Johnson last Tuesday.

Private Vernie Peake of Camp Dix, N. J., spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. William Peake.

Mrs. E. C. Hubbard and Mrs. Mary Ackermann are visiting relatives in Buffalo and Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. Joel Tomer was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. E. A. Moore, of Coryville, a part of last week.

Raymond Rice of Olean was a guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rice, Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dawley were Olean visitors, Thursday.

Wm. Wallace of Coryville was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Kate Freeman and daughter, Miss Helen, of Smethport, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rasmann.

Thos. Ralston of Coryville is working for Eros Carpenter.

Miss Marie Lynch closed her school here for a few days last week with an entertainment which was much enjoyed by those present. The children were especially interested in the beautiful Christmas tree.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynch of Eldred attended the Christmas entertainment given by their daughter, Miss Marie Lynch, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eros Carpenter and daughter, Miss Nina Lee, were in Olean last Thursday.

E. E. Hakes of Ellicottville, N. Y., called on friends in town recently.

Mrs. F. A. Moore of Coryville was a guest of relatives here, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb Huff of Buffalo were guests of relatives here during the holidays.

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offerings of the "unseasonable" that are to be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are ever ready to fill your orders in the line of seasonable millinery.

CARRIE CLARK.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Advertise in the MINER.

BUSH HILL

Bits of Holiday News From A Hilltop Neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lyman of Port Allegany spent Christmas with the latters parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos Smith.

Miss Florene VanSickles spent a week with her mother, Mrs. Birdie Jordon.

The entertainment held at the upper Open Brook school house Friday evening was well attended and the exercises were fine, after the exercises the crowd went to Rubin VanSickle's and had a dance.

Mrs. Buell Strang of Wrights, Pa. called on Thos Smith Sunday.

Miss Anna Kick of Olean N. Y. sent a week with Julia Fay.

Jessie, Cathaleen, Mary and Margaret Van Sickles called on Marie and Myrtle Smith Wednesday.

The new snow fence that was built on top of Bush Hill last week is surely appreciated by the people of this place.

Mr. Vivan Wright of Smethort called on friends in this place Sunday.

Don't forget the New Years Dance at Rubin VanSickle's, Jan 1.

Miss Nellie Smith called on her sister Mrs. John Lyman of Port Allegany Friday.

Miss Agnes Marsh is visiting her parents in Betula, Pa.

Miss Marian VanSickle who has been assisting Mrs. Lochery of Port Allegany with her household duties, has returned to her home.

The dance held at Rubin Van Sickles, Friday evening was well attended and all report a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Freer furnished the music.

Miss Nellie Smith called on her sister in Port Allegany Friday.

Messrs Herman Ostrander and Elmer Gillett called on Thos. Smith Jr., Sunday.

Mrs. Peter Fay and daughter, Julia were Smethport shoppers Saturday.

Miss Nellie Smith called on the Misses Agnes Marsh and Mary Hooley Thursday evening.

Joseph McKiernan was a pleasant caller on Thos. Smith Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Freer called on his sister, Mrs. Henry Jordan Sunday.

Advertise in the MINER.

To our customers and friends we wish prosperity the coming year

Practice thrift and saving

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pa.

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles" "Keeping Up With Lizzie," Etc., Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Barton Haynes, a clerk in Baker & Co.'s store with his uncle, Peabody Haynes, at Canton, N. Y., receives a letter from Rodney Barnes, a neighbor of Uncle Peabody's at Licklysplit, telling of the latter's meeting with Sally Wright, daughter of Silas Wright, but especially of a girl above the Raymond's and is fascinated by the pretty face and fine clothes.

CHAPTER II—Barton meets Roving Kate, known in the neighborhood as the "Silent Woman." Alden Grimshaw, young son of the richest man in the township, is a visitor at the Haynes home and Roving Kate tells the fortunes of the two boys, predicting a bright future for Barton and disaster on the elbows for Amos. Haynes is for an act of boyish mischief. Barton runs away, intending to make his home with the Dunkelbergs. He reaches the village of Canton and falls into a sleep of exhaustion on the Wrights' doorstep. He is found by Mrs. Wright, who, mistaking him for a tramp, takes him in and gives him a bath.

CHAPTER III.

We Go to Church and See Mr. Wright Again.

I had a chill that night and in the weeks that followed I was nearly burned up with long fever. Doctor Clark came from Canton to see me every other day for a time and one evening Mr. Wright came with him and watched all night near my bedside.

In the morning he said that he could come the next Tuesday morning if we needed him and set out right after breakfast, in the dim dawn light, to walk to Canton.

"Peabody Baynes," said my Aunt Deel as she stood looking out of the window at Mr. Wright, "that is one of the grandest, sp'ilin'est men that I ever see or heard of. He's an awful smart man, an' a day o' his time is worth more'n a month of ourn, but he comes way out here to set up with a sick youngone and walks back. Does beat all—don't it?—ayes!"

"If any one needs help Silo Wright is always on hand," said Uncle Peabody.

I was soon out of bed and he came no more to sit up with me.

When I was well again, Aunt Deel said one day: "Peabody Baynes, I ain't heard no preachin' since Mr. Pangborn died. I guess we better go down to Canton to meetin' some Sunday. If there ain't no minister Silo Wright always reads a sermon, if he's home, and the paper says he don't go way for a month yit. I kind o' feel the need of a good sermon—ayes!"

"All right. I'll hitch up the hosses and we'll go. We can start at eight o'clock an' take a bite with us an' git back here by three."

I had told Aunt Deel what Sally had said in my personal appearance.

"Your coat is good enough for anybody—ayes!" said she. "I'll piece out a pair of breeches and then I guess you won't have to be ashamed to go."

She had spent several evenings making the coat out of an old gray flannel petticoat of hers and had put two pockets in them of which I was very proud. They came just to the tops of my shoes, which pleased me, for thereby the glory of my new shoes suffered no encroachment.

The next Sunday after they were finished we had preaching in the schoolhouse and I was eager to go and wear my wonderful trousers. Uncle Peabody said that he didn't know whether his leg would hold out or not "through a' we're meetin'." His left leg was lame from a wrench and pained him if he sat long in one position. I greatly enjoyed this first public exhibition of my new trousers. I remember praying in silence, as we sat down, that Uncle Peabody's leg would hold out. Later, when the long sermon had begun to weary me, I prayed that it would not.

It was a beautiful summer morning as we drove down the hills and from the summit of the last high ridge we could see the smoke of a steamer looming over the St. Lawrence and the big buildings of Canton on the distant flats below us. My heart beat fast when I reflected that I should soon see Mr. Wright and the Dunkelbergs. I had lost a little of my interest in Sally. Still I felt sure that when she saw my new breeches she would conclude that I was a person not to be trifled with.

When we got to Canton people were flocking to the big stone Presbyterian church. It was what they called a "deacon's meeting." I remember that Mr. Wright read from the Scriptures, and having explained that there was no minister in the village, read one of Mr. Edwards' sermons, in the course of which I went to sleep on the arm of my aunt. She awoke me when the service had ended, and whispered:

"Come, we're goin' down to speak to Mr. Wright."

I remember Mr. Wright kissed me and said:

"Hello! Here's my boy in a new pair o' trousers!"

"Put yer hand in there," I said proudly, as I took my own hand out of one of my pockets, and pointed the way.

He did not accept the invitation, but laughed heartily and gave me a little pat.

When we went out of the church there stood Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg, and Sally and some other children. It was a tragic moment for me when Sally laughed and ran behind her mother. Still worse was it when a couple of boys ran away crying, "Look at the breeches!"

I looked down at my breeches and wondered what was wrong with them. They seemed very splendid to me and yet I saw at once that they were not popular. I went close to my Aunt Deel and partly hid myself in her cloak. I heard Mrs. Dunkelberg say:

"Of course you'll come to dinner with us?"

For a second my hopes leaped high. I was hungry and visions of jelly cake and preserves rose before me. Of course there were the trousers, but perhaps Sally would not mind so the trousers and ask me to play with her.

"Thank ye, but we've got a good kays to go and we fetched a bite with us—ayes!" said Aunt Deel.

Eagerly I awaited an invitation from the great Mrs. Dunkelberg that should be decisively urgent, but she only said:

"I'm very sorry you can't stay."

My hopes fell like bricks and vanished like bubbles.

The Dunkelbergs left us with pleasant words. They had asked me to take hands with Sally, but I had clung to my aunt's cloak and firmly refused to make any advances. Slowly and without a word we walked across the park toward the tavern sheds.

We [illegible] away up the South road where [illegible] surprise, Aunt Deel coldly [illegible] the Dunkelbergs.

"Those [illegible] village folks like to be worked on—ayes!—an' they're awful anxious you should come to see 'em when you can't—ayes!—but when you get to the village they ain't high an' mighty—no they ain't!"

In the middle of the great cooler [illegible] Little River Aunt Deel got out the lunch basket and I sat down on the buggy bottom between your legs and leaning against the back. So disposed we ate our luncheon of fried cakes and bread and butter and pickles and cheese. What an efficient cure for good health were the doughnuts and cheese and sugar, especially if they were mixed with the delights of a Sunday. I had a headache also and soon fell asleep.

The sun was low when they awoke me in our dooryard.

I soon discovered that the Dunkelbergs had fallen from their high estate in our home and that Silas Wright, Jr., had taken their place in the conversation of Aunt Deel.

CHAPTER IV.

In the Light of the Candles.

One day the stage, on its way to Billyboy, came to our house and left a box and a letter from Mr. Wright, addressed to my uncle, which read:

"Dear Sir—I send herewith a box of books and magazines in the hope that you or Miss Baynes will read them aloud to my little partner and in doing so get some enjoyment and profit for yourselves.

"Yours respectfully,

"S. WRIGHT, JR.

"P. S.—When the contents of the box have duly risen into your minds will you kindly see that it does a like service to your neighbors in School District No. 7? S. W. Jr."

"I guess Bart has made a friend o' this great man—artin ayes!" said Aunt Deel. "I wonder who'll be the next one?"

She Had Spent Several Evenings Making Them Out of an Old Gray Flannel Petticoat.

The work of the day ended, the candles were grouped near the edge of the table and my aunt's chair was placed beside them. I sat on Uncle Peabody's lap by the fire or, as time went on, in my own chair beside him, while Aunt Deel adjusted her spectacles and began to read.

I remember vividly the evening we took out the books and tenderly felt their covers and read the [illegible] titles. There were "Cruikshanks' Comic Almanac" and "Hood's Comic Annual"; tales by Washington Irving and James K. Paulding and Nathaniel Hawthorne and Miss Mitford and Miss Austin; the poems of John Milton and Felicia Hemans. Of the treasures in the box I have now in my possession "A Life of Washington, "The [illegible] and Writings of Doctor Dwight," "The Stolen Child," by [illegible] Esq."; "Rosine Laval," by [illegible] Smith"; Sermons and Essays by [illegible] Ellery Channing. We found also the box also, thirty numbers of the "United States Magazine and Democratic Review" and sundry copies of the "New York Mirror."

Aunt Deel began with "The Stolen Child." She read slowly and often paused for comment or explanation or laughter or to touch the corner of an eye with a corner of her handkerchief in moments when we were all deeply moved by the misfortunes of our favorite characters, which were acute and numerous.

In those magazines we read of the great West—"the poor man's paradise"—"the stoneless land of plenty"; of its delightful climate, of the ease with which the farmer prospered on its rich soil. Uncle Peabody spoke playfully of going West after that, but Aunt Deel made no answer and concealed her opinion on that subject for a long time. As for myself, the reading had deepened my interest in the east and west and north and south land in the skies above them. How mysterious and inviting they had become!

One evening a neighbor had brought the Republican from the post-office. I opened it and read about these words in large type at the top of the page:

"Silas Wright Elected to the U. S. Senate."

"Well I want to know!" Uncle Peabody exclaimed. "That would make me forgit it if I was goin' to be hung. Go on and read what it says."

I read the choosing of our friend for the seat made vacant by the resignation of William L. Marcy, who had been elected governor, and the part which most impressed us were these words from a letter of Mr. Wright to Azariah Flagg of Albany, written when the former was asked to accept the place:

"I am too young and too poor for such an elevation. I have not had the experience in that great theater of politics to qualify me for a place so exalted and responsible. I prefer therefore the humbler position which I now occupy."

"That's his way," said Uncle Peabody. "They had hard work to convince him that he knew enough to be Surrogate."

"Big men have little conceit—ayes!" said Aunt Deel with a significant glance at me.

The candles had burned low and I was watching the shroud of one of them when there came a rap at the door. It was unusual for any one to come to our door in the evening and we were a bit startled. Uncle Peabody opened it and old Kate entered without speaking and nodded to my aunt and uncle and sat down by the fire. Vividly I remembered the day of the fortune-telling. The same gentle smile lighted her face as she looked at me. She held up her hand with four fingers spread above it.

"Ayes," said Aunt Deel, "there are four [illegible]."

My heart rose and went into the forty winks I sat staring at the ragged old woman. Her hair was white now and partly covered by a

Uncle Peabody Opened It and Old Kate Entered Without Speaking.

worn and faded bonnet. Forbidding as she was I did not miss the sweetness in her smile and her blue eyes when she looked at me. Aunt Deel came with a plate of doughnuts and bread and butter and head cheese and said in a voice full of pity:

"Poor ol' Kate—ayes! Here's somethin' for ye—ayes!"

She turned to my uncle and said:

"Peabody Baynes, what'll we do—I'd like to know—ayes!. She can't rove all night."

"I'll git some blankets an' make a bed for her, good 'nough for anybody, out in the hired man's room over the shed," said my uncle.

He brought the lantern—a little tower of perforated tin—and put a lighted candle inside of it. Then he beckoned to the stranger, who followed him out of the front door with the plate of food in her hands.

"Well I declare! It's a long time since she went up this road—ayes!" said Aunt Deel, yawning as she resumed her chair.

"Who is ol' Kate?" I asked.

"Oh, just a poor ol' crazy woman—wanders all 'round—ayes!"

"What made her crazy?"

"Oh, I guess somebody misused and deceived her when she was young—ayes! It's an awful wicked thing to do. Come, Bart—go right up to bed now. It's high time—ayes!"

"I want to wait 'til Uncle Peabody comes back," said I.

"Why?"

"I—I'm afraid she'll do somethin' to—him."

"Nonsense! Ol' Kate is just as harmless as a kitten. You take your candle and go right up to bed—this minute—ayes!"

I went upstairs with the candle and undressed very slowly and thoughtfully while I listened for the footsteps of my uncle. I did not get into bed until I heard him come in and blow out his lantern and start up the stairway. As he undressed he told me how for many years the strange woman in [illegible] been roving in our roads "up hill and down dale" thousands of thousands of miles, and never reaching the end of her journey.

In a moment we heard a low wail above the sound of the breeze that shook the leaves of the old "popple" tree above our roof.

"What's that?" I whispered.

"I guess it's ol' Kate cryin'," said Uncle Peabody.

It terrified my heart and I lay listening for a time, but heard only the faint whisper of the popple leaves.

CHAPTER V.

The Great Stranger

Some strangers came along the road those days—hunters, peddlers and the like—and their coming filled me with a joy which mostly went away with them, I regret to say. None of these, however, appealed to my imagination as did old Kate. But there was one stranger greater than she—greater indeed than any other who came into Battlegrad. He came [illegible] would not be long detained. How curiously we looked at him, knowing his fame and power! This great stranger was Money.

I shall never forget the day that my uncle showed me a dollar bill and a few shiny, gold coins and three pieces of silver, nor can I forget how carefully he watched them while they lay in my hands and presently put them back into his wallet. That was long before the time of which I am writing. I remember hearing him say, one day of that year, when I asked him to take us to the Caravan of Wild Beasts which was coming to the village:

"I'm sorry, but it's been a hundred Sundays since I had a dollar in my wallet for more than ten minutes."

I have his old account book for the years of 1837 and 1838. Here are some of the entries:

"Balanced accounts with J. Dorothy and gave him my note for $2.15 to be paid in salts January 1, 1838.

"Sold ten bushels of wheat to E. Miller at 90 cents, to be paid in goods.

"Sold two sheep to Flavius Curtis and took his note for $6 payable in boots or oil before March the first."

Only one entry in more than a hundred mention money, and this was the sum of eleven cents received in balance from a neighbor.

So it will be seen that a spirit of mutual accommodation served to help us over the rough going. Mr. Grimshaw, however, demanded his pay in cash and that I think was mainly the habit of the money-lenders.

We were poor but our poverty was not like that of these days in which I am writing. It was proud and cleanly and well-fed. Our fathers had seen heroic service in the wars and we knew it.

I was twelve years old when I began to be the reader for our little family. Aunt Deel had long complained that she couldn't keep up with her knitting and read so much. We had not seen Mr. Wright for nearly two years, but he had sent us the novels of Sir Walter Scott and I had led them heart deep into the creed battles of Old Mortality.

Then came the evil days of 1837, when the story of our lives began to quicken its pace and excite our interest in its coming chapters. It gave us enough to think of, God knows.

Wild speculations in land and the American paper-money system had brought us into rough going. The banks of the city of New York had suspended payment of their notes. They could no longer meet their engagements. As usual, the burden fell heaviest on the poor. It was hard to get money even for black salts.

Uncle Peabody had been silent and depressed for a month or more. He had signed a note for Rodney Barnes, a cousin, long before and was afraid that he would have to pay it. I didn't know what a note was and I remember that one night, when I lay thinking about it, I decided that it must be something in the nature of horse colic. My uncle told me that a note was a trouble when attacked the brain instead of the stomach.

One autumn day in Canton Uncle Peabody traded three sheep and twenty bushels of wheat for a cook stove and brought it home in the big wagon. Rodney Barnes came with him to help set up the stove. He was a big giant of a man with the longest nose in the township. I have often wondered how any one would solve the problem of kissing Mr. Barnes in the immediate region of his nose, the same being in the nature of a defense.

That evening I was chiefly interested in the stove. What a joy it was to me with its shimmer and griddles and high oven and the shiny wire on its hearth! It rivaled, in its novelty and charm, any tin peddler's cart that ever came to our door. John Axtell and his wife, who had seen it pass their house, hurried over for a look at it. Every hand was on the stove as we tenderly carried it into the house, piece by piece, and set it up. Then they cut a hole in the upper floor and the stone chimney and fitted the pipe. How keenly we watched the building of the fire. How quickly it roared and began to heat the room!

When the Axtells had gone away Aunt Deel said:

"It's grand! It is sartin—but I'm 'frald we can't afford it—ayes I be!"

"We can't afford to freeze any longer. I made up my mind that we couldn't go through another winter as we have," was my uncle's answer.

"How much did it cost?" she asked.

"Not much different from thirty-four dollars in sheep and wheat," he answered.

Rodney Barnes stayed to supper and spent a part of the evening with us.

Like other settlers there, Mr. Barnes was [illegible] land. He had it [illegible] and "popple" trees above our roof.

"What's that?" I whispered.

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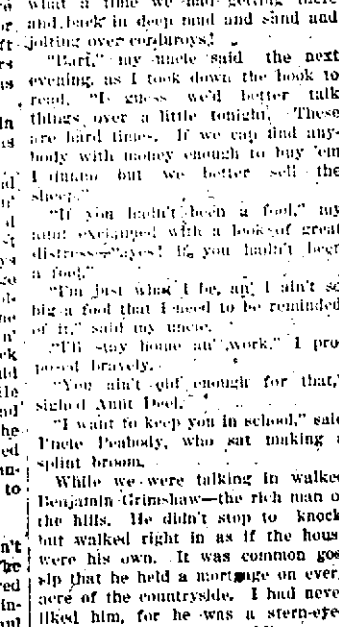
Wild speculations in land and the American paper-money system had brought us into rough going. The banks of the city of New York had suspended payment of their notes. They could no longer meet their engagements. As usual, the burden fell heaviest on the poor. It was hard to get money even for black salts.

Uncle Peabody had been silent and depressed for a month or more. He had signed a note for Rodney Barnes, a cousin, long before and was afraid that he would have to pay it. I didn't know what a note was and I remember that one night, when I lay thinking about it, I decided that it must be something in the nature of horse colic. My uncle told me that a note



"One, Two, Three, Ready—Sing."

I got Aunt Deel by the hand and led her toward my uncle. We stood facing him. "Stand straighter," he [illegible]. "Now, altogether. One, two, three, ready—sing."

He beat time with his hand in imitation of the singing master at the schoolhouse and we joined him in singing an old tune which began: "Oh, keep my heart from sadness, God."

This [illegible] spent of the man [illegible] poor and I was off to [illegible] in [illegible] condition.

A few days after the note came [illegible] upon full [illegible] for [illegible] above that). I remember that [illegible] four hundred sixty dollars which she had saved little by little, by selling eggs and chickens. She had planned to use it to buy a tombstone for her brother and father—a long-cherished ambition. My uncle needed the most of it to help pay the note. We drove to Potsdam on that sad errand and what a time we had! getting there and back in deep mud and sand and jolting over corduroys!

"Bart," my uncle said the next evening as I took down the book to read, "I guess we'd better talk things over a little to-night. These are hard times. If we can find anybody with money enough to buy 'em I dunno but we better sell the place."

"If you hadn't been a fool," my aunt exclaimed with a look of great distress—"ayes! If you hadn't been a fool."

"I'm just what I be, an' I ain't so big a fool that I need to be reminded of it," said my uncle.

"I'll stay home an' work," I proposed bravely.

"You ain't old enough for that," sighed Aunt Deel.

"I want to keep you in school," said Uncle Peabody, who sat making a splint broom.

While we were talking in walked Benjamin Grimshaw—the rich man of the hills. He didn't stop to knock, but walked right in as if the house were his own. It was common gossip that he held a mortgage on every acre of the countryside. I had never liked him, for he was a stern-eyed man who was always scolding somebody, and I had not forgotten what his son had said of him.

"Good night!" he exclaimed curtly, as he sat down and set his cane between his feet and rested his hands upon it. He spoke hoarsely and I [illegible]

[illegible] night, [illegible] chin. His mouth was [illegible] in a long line curving downward a little at the ends. My uncle used to say that his mouth was made to keep his thoughts from leaking and going to waste. He had a big body, a big chin, a big mouth, a big nose and big ears and hands. His eyes lay small in this setting of bigness.

"Why, Mr. Grimshaw, it's years since you've been in our house—ayes!" said Aunt Deel.

"I suppose it is," he answered rather sharply. "I don't have much time to get around. I have to work. There's some people seem to be able to git along without it. I see you've got one o' these newfangled stoves," he added as he looked it over. "Huh! Rich folks can have anything they want."

Uncle Peabody had sat splintering the long stick of yellow birch. I observed that the jackknife trembled in his hand. His tone had a touch of unnaturalness, proceeding no doubt from his fear of the man before him, as he said:

"When I bought that stove I felt richer than I do now. I had almost enough to settle with you up to date, but I signed a note for a friend and had to pay it."

"Ayuh! I suppose so," Grimshaw answered in a tone of bitter irony which cut me like a knife-blade, young as I was. "What business have you signin' notes an' givin' away money which ain't yours to give—I'd like to know? What business have you actin' like a rich man when you can't pay yer honest debts? I'd like to know that, too?"

"If I've ever acted like a rich man it's been when I wa'n't lookin'," said Uncle Peabody.

"What business have you to go enlargin' yer family—takin' another mouth to feed and another body to spin for? That costs money. I want

Try—the—MINER three months for 50 cents.

to tell you one thing, Raynes, you've got to jay up or git out o' here."

He raised his cane and shook it in the air as he spoke.

"Oh, I ain't no doubt o' that," said Uncle Peabody. "You'll have to have yer money—that's sure; an' you will have it if, I live, every cent of it. This boy is goin' to be a great help to me—you don't know what a good boy he is and what a comfort he's been to me!"

These words of my beloved uncle uncovered my emotions so that I put my elbow on the wood-box and leaned my head upon it and sobbed.

"I ain't goin' to be hard on ye, Raynes," said Mr. Grimshaw as he rose, from his chair; "I'll give ye three months to see what you can do, I wouldn't wonder if the boy would turn out all right. He's big an' comdy of his age and a purty likely boy; they tell me."

Mr. Grimshaw opened the door and stood for a moment looking at us and sobbed in a milder tone: "You've got one o' the best farms in this town an' if ye work hard an' use common sense ye ought to be out o' debt in five years—mebbe less."

He closed the door and went away. Neither of us moved or spoke as we listened to his footsteps on the gravel path that went down to the road and to the sound of his buggy as he drove away. Then Uncle Peabody broke the silence by saying:

"He's the dam'dest—"

He stopped, set the half-splintered stick aside, closed his jackknife and went to the water-pail to cool his emotions with a drink.

Aunt Deel took up the subject where he had dropped it, as if no half-expressed sentiment would satisfy her, saying:

"—old skinflint that ever lived in this world, ayes! I ain't goin' to hold my opinion o' that man no longer, ayes! I can't. It's too powerful—ayes!"

Having recovered my composure I repeated that I should like to give up school and stay at home and work.

Aunt Deel interrupted me by saying:

"I have an idee that Silas Wright will help us—ayes! He's comin' home an' you better go down an' see him—ayes! Hadn't ye?"

"Bart an' I'll go down to-morrer," said Uncle Peabody.

Some fourteen months before that day my uncle had taken me to Potsdam and traded grain and salts for what he called a "rip roarin' fine suit o' clothes" with boots and cap and shirt and collar and necktie to match. I having earned them by sawing and corded wood at three shillings a cord. How often we looked back to those better days! The clothes had been too big for me and I had had to wait until my growth had taken up the "slack" in my coat and trousers before I could venture out of the neighborhood. I had tried them on every week or so for a long time. Now my stature "fitted" them handsomely and they filled me with a pride and satisfaction which I had never known before.

"Now may the Lord help ye to be careful—awful, terrible careful o' them clothes every minute o' this day," Aunt Deel cautioned as she looked at me. "Don't git no horse sweat, nor wagon grease on 'em."

To Aunt Deel wagon grease was the worst enemy of a happy and respectable home.

We hitched our team to the grasshopper spring wagon and set out on our journey. It was a warm, hazy Indian-summer day in November. As we passed "the Hill" we saw the Silent Woman looking out of the little window of her room above the blacksmith shop—a low, weather-stained, [illegible] suit

[illegible] by the window when she [illegible] travels," said Uncle Peabody. "Knows all that's goin' on—that woman—knows who goes to the village an' how long they stay. When Grimshaw goes by they say she hustles off down the road to her rags. She looks like a sick dog herself, but I've heard that she keeps that room o' hers just as neat as a pin."

Near the village we passed a smart looking buggy, drawn by a spry-footed horse in shiny harness. Then I noticed with a pang that our wagon was covered with dry mud and that our horses were rather hairy and out of condition, a kind of lead color. So I was in an humble state of mind when we entered the village.

There was a crowd of men and women in front of Mr. Wright's office and through its open door I saw many of his fellow townsmen. We waited at the door for a few minutes. I crowded in while Uncle Peabody stood talking to a villager. The Senator caught sight of me and came to my side and put his hand on my head and said:

"Hello, Bart! How you've grown and how handsome you look! Where's your uncle?"

"He's there by the door," I answered.

"Well, le's go and see him."

Mr. Wright was stouter and grayer and grander than when I had seen him last. He was dressed in black broadcloth and I wore a big beaver hat and high collar and his hair was almost white. I remember vividly his clear, kindly, gray eyes and ruddy cheeks.

"Raynes, I'm glad to see you," he said heartily. "Did ye bring me any [illegible]?"

"I didn't think of it," said Uncle Peabody. "But I've got a nice young doe all jerked an' if you're fond o' jerk I'll bring ye down some to-morrer."

"I'd like to take some to Washington, but I wouldn't have you bring it so far."

"I'd like to bring it—I want a chance to talk with ye for half an hour or such a matter," said my uncle. "I've got a little trouble on my hands."

The Senator took us into his office and introduced us to the leading men of the county.

"Here," said the Senator as he put his hand on my head, "is a coming man in the Democratic party."

The great men laughed at my blushes and we came away with a deep sense of pride in us. At last I felt equal to the ordeal of meeting the Dunkelbergs. My uncle must have shared my feeling, for, to my delight he went straight to the basement store above which was the modest sign: "H. Dunkelberg, Produce."

"Well I swan!" said the merchant in the treble voice which I remembered so well. "This is Bart and Peabody! How are you?"

"Pretty well," I answered, my uncle being too slow of speech to suit my sense of propriety. "How is Sally?"

The two men laughed heartily, much to my embarrassment.

"He's getting right down to business," said my uncle.

"That's right," said Mr. Dunkelberg "Why, Bart, she's spry as a cricket and pretty as a picture. Come up to dinner with me and see for yourself."

Uncle Peabody hesitated, whereupon I gave him a furtive nod and he said "All right," and then I had a delicious feeling of excitement. I had hard work to control my impatience when they talked.

By and by I asked, "Are you 'most ready to go?"

"Yes—come on—it's after twelve o'clock," said Mr. Dunkelberg. "Sally will be back from school now."

So we walked to the big house of the Dunkelbergs and I could hear my heart beating when we turned in at the gate—the golden gate of my youth. It must have been, for after I had passed it I thought no more as a child. That rude push which Mr. Grimshaw gave me had hurried the passing.

I was a little surprised at my own dignity when Sally opened the door to welcome us. My uncle told Aunt Deel that Uncle and spoke like Silas Wright, "so nice and proper." Sally was different, too—less playful and more beautiful with long yellow curls covering her shoulders.

"How nice you look!" she said as she took my arm and led me into her playroom.

"These are my new clothes," I boasted. "They are very expensive and I have to be careful of them."

I behaved myself with great care at the table—I remember that—and, after dinner, we played in the dooryard and in the stable. I with a great fear of tearing my new clothes. I stopped and cautioned her more than once: "Be careful! For graciously sake! be careful of my new suit!"

As we were leaving late in the afternoon she said:

"I wish you would come here to school."

"I suppose he will some time," said Uncle Peabody.

A new hope entered my breast, that moment, and began to grow there.

"Aren't you going to kiss her?" said Mr. Dunkelberg with a smile.

I saw the color in her cheeks deepen as she turned with a smile and walked away two or three steps while the grown people laughed, and stood with her back turned looking in at the window.

"You're looking the wrong way for the scenery," said Mr. Dunkelberg.

She turned and walked toward me [illegible] look of resolution in her pretty [illegible] face and said:

"I'm not afraid of him."

Now kissed each other and, naturally, that well-remembered touch of her hair upon my face! For the feel of

"I'm Not Afraid of Him."

her warm lips upon my own—that was so different and so sweet to remember in the lonely days that followed! Fast flows the river to the sea when youth is sailing on it. They had shoved me out of the quiet cove into the swift current—those two kindly, thoughtless people. Still on and away into the house as their laughter continued and my uncle and I walked down the street. How happy I was!

I observed with satisfaction that the village boys did not make fun of me when I passed them as they did when I wore the petticoat trousers. Mr. and Mrs. Wright came along with the crowd, by and by, and Colonel Medad Moody. We had supper with the Senator on the seat with us. He and my uncle began to talk about the tightness of money and the banking laws and I remember a remark of my uncle, for there was that in his tone which I could never forget:

"We poor people are trusting you to look out for us—we poor people are trusting you to see that we get treated fair. We're havin' a hurtful time."

My uncle told him about the note and the visit of Mr. Grimshaw and of his threats and upbraidings.

"Did he say that in Bart's hearing?" asked the Senator.

"Afore—right out plain."

"Too bad! I'm going to tell you frankly, Raynes, that the best thing I know about you is your conduct toward this boy. I like it. The next best thing is the fact that you signed the note. It was bad business but it was good Christian conduct to help your friend. Don't regret it. You were poor and of an age when the boy's pranks were troublesome to both of you, but you took him in. I'll lend you the interest and try to get another holder for the mortgage on one condition. You must let me attend to Bart's schooling. I want to be boss about that. We have a great schoolmaster in Canton and when Bart is a little older I want him to go there to school. I'll try to find him a place where he can work for his board."

"We'll miss Bart but we'll be tickled to death—tain't no two ways about that," said Uncle Peabody.

The Senator tested my arithmetic and grammar and geography—as we rode along in the darkness and said by and by:

"You'll have to work hard, Bart. You'll have to take your hoe into the field as I did. After every row of corn I learned a rule of syntax or arithmetic or a fact in geography while I rested and my thought and memory took hold of it as I plied the hoe. I don't want you to stop the reading, but from now on you must spend half of every evening on your lessons."

As I was going to bed the Senator called me to him and said:

"I shall be gone when you are up in the morning. It may be a long time before I see you; I shall leave something for you in a sealed envelope with your name on it. You are not to open the envelope until you go away to school. I know how you will feel that first day. When nightfall comes you will think of your aunt and uncle and be very lonely. When you go to your room for the night I want you to sit down all by yourself and open the envelope and read what I shall write. They will be, I think, the most helpful words you've ever read. You will think them over but you will not understand them for a long time. Ask every wise man you meet to explain them to you, for all your happiness will depend upon your understanding of these few words in the envelope."

In the morning Aunt Deel put it in my hands.

"I wonder what in the world he wrote there—ayes?" said she. "We must keep it careful—ayes!—I'll put it in my trunk an' give it to ye when ye go to Canton to school."

"Has Mr. Wright gone?" I asked rather sadly.

"Ayes! Land a' mercy! He went away long before daylight with a lot o' jerked meat in a pack basket—ayes! Yer uncle is goin' down to the village to see 'bout the mortgage this afternoon, ayes?"

It was a Saturday and I spent its [illegible] sorting wood in the shed, pausing now and then to take a look into my grammar.

What a day it was—the first of many for me. I recall a chirk at those days without saying to myself: "What a God's blessing a man like Silas Wright can be in the community in which his heart and soul are as an open book!"

As the evening came on I took a long look at my cards. The shed was nearly half full of them. Four rules of syntax, also, had been carefully stored away in my brain. I said them over as I hurried down into the pasture with old Shep and brought in the cows. I got through milking just as Uncle Peabody came. I saw with joy that his face was cheerful.

"Yip!" he shouted as he stopped his team at the barn door, where Aunt Deel and I were standing. "We ain't got much to worry about now. I've got the interest money right here in my pocket."

We unhitched and went in to supper. I was hoping that Aunt Deel would speak of my work but she seemed not to think of it.

I went out on the porch and stood looking down with a sad countenance. Aunt Deel followed me.

"W'y, Bart!" she exclaimed, "you're too tired to eat—ayes! Be ye sick?"

I shook my head.

"Peabody," she called, "this boy has worked like a beaver every minute since you left—ayes he has! I never see anything to beat it—never! I want you to come right out into the wood-shed an' see what he's done—this minute—ayes!"

I followed them into the shed.

"W'y of all things!" my uncle exclaimed. "He worked like a nailer, he has!"

The tears came to his eyes when he took my hand in his rough palm and squeezed it and said:

"Sometimes I wish ye was little again so I could take ye up in my arms an' kiss ye just as I used to. Horace Dunkelberg says that you're the best-lookin' boy he ever see."

I repeated the rules I had learned as we went to the table.

"I'm goin' to be like Silas Wright if I can," I added.

"That's the idee!" said Uncle Peabody. "You keep on as you've started an' everybody'll milk into your pail."

I kept on—not with the vigor of that first day with its new-inspiration—but with growing strength and effectiveness. Nights and mornings and Saturdays I worked with a will and my book in my pocket or at the side of the field and was, I know, a help of some value on the farm. My scholarship improved rapidly and that year I went about as far as I could hope to go in the little school at Leonard's Corners.

"I wouldn't wonder if ol' Kate was right about our boy," said Aunt Deel one day when she saw me with my book in the field.

I began to know then that ol' Kate had somehow been at work in my soul—subconsciously as I would now put it. I was trying to put truth into the prophecy. As I look at the whole matter these days I can see that Mr. Grimshaw himself was a help no less important to me, for it was a sharp spur with which he continued to prod us.

Continued next week.

READ WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG

Six Hours of Concentrated Serious Work a Week May Spell Success in Life for You.

Were I twenty-one again, I should do a great deal of reading. I believe in reading. I don't recall having ever read anything that didn't do me some good. I wish I had read more when I was young.

If I were twenty-one again I should read many books. I should read the standard books to get a good way of expressing my thoughts. I should study the great philosophers, but with the temper of an iconoclast. The study of philosophy is a wonderful stimulant to the intellect, but must be undertaken with a mind alert to falsities.

There are books which present statistics in statistical form and couple such statistics with authoritative comment. I refer to the various government reports on various subjects that engage the interest of the man who wishes to be well informed. Our government wastes thousands of dollars printing these reports, which need not be wasted if only our young men would read.

Read! I cannot too strongly recommend [illegible] Six hours each [illegible] but [illegible] and [illegible] Read! Learn to think with [illegible] the deep thinkers of the world.

All of the time while you have been studying and reading and learning to [illegible] with the philosophers, when these logic falls from your own reasoning, you should be doing something that is productive of well-rounded [illegible].—William Maxwell, in Collier's Weekly.

JOB FOR OFFICER FLANNERY

New York Policeman Undertook Some Contract When He Sought to Find Firm Little Woman Wanted.

The existence of a hitherto unknown [illegible] on Washington Heights was brought to the attention of police headquarters when a meek little woman approached him and over an armful of handbills asked for information regarding the mysterious firm. With one brawny hand the policeman held up traffic from all four directions while he bent a receptive ear to the timid little woman.

"I'm so sorry to bother you, Mr. Policeman," said the shopper, "but my grocer has moved his shop from around the corner here, where he used to be, and I thought you might know where he is now. I want to get some eggs—and he always kept such fresh ones."

"What was the name of your grocer, madam," asked Policeman Flannery, one of the most polite of the baton wielders. "If you will tell me his name I will see if we have a record of his change of location at the station house and let you know."

"Well, the man who always waited on me," replied the little woman, "was named Tom. I don't know his last name. And the name of the firm that was painted on the door was 'Push and Pull.' I do hope you can find them and let me know, because I need some fresh eggs at once."

And Policeman Flannery at a late hour last night was still scratching his head over the "P's" in the city directory.—New York Herald.

Lute Out of Existence.

The lute has vanished. It was one of the oldest of instruments, and had a beautiful vibrant tone somewhat like that of the harp. But its size and complexity were against it. It had a long tail and many strings, and while its size increased its power and range, it also increased its weight and made it cumbrous. The minstrel of today plays on the mandolin—the guitar or the banjo—and the lute is forgot.

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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 324, meets on the second Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 p. m. at Masonic hall Main street.
AL. de MYATT, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 339, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
DR. BURG CHADWICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 278, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
H. C. CHASE, C. P.
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IDEAL REBEKAH LODGE, No. 62, meets the 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. hall.
HATTIE ABBEY, N. G.
RACHEL P. AMSTER, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. hall.
KATE BENDER, Pres.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

P. of H.—Meets 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 8:00 p. m., in I. O. O. F. hall HENRY J. RICE, M.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

PHOENIX CHAPTER, NO. 15, O. E. S.—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
MRS. GERTRUDE GARLICK, W. M.
W. B. HOPPER, W. P.
MISS RITA DENNING, Secy.

CHURCHES.

M E. Church—Rev. Arthur Grayson, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m. Evening service, 7:30. Mid-week prayer and praise service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal — Rev. E. H. Edson rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 12:00 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. R. VanDyke, rector. Divine service and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Baptist Church of Smethport—Rev. W. P. Wheeler, Pastor. Services: 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 11:45.

St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church—P. J. Donahue, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Swedish Mission Church—Rev. S. Philblad, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. On alternate Sundays meeting in the evening only. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

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State Treasurer—Robert K. Young.
Auditor General—A. W. Powell.
Secy. Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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County School Superintendent—C. W. Lillibridge, Smethport.
Asst. County School Superintendent—B. S. Taylor, Bradford.
District Attorney—Thos. B. Wilson, Bradford.
Mercantile Appraiser—F. E. Goodman, Mt. Jewett.
Sealer of Weights and Measures—E. P. Verden, Smethport.
County Solicitor—C. W. Shattuck, Smethport.
County Detective—Joseph F. Robinson, Bradford.
County Viewers—Harvey G. Barkhouse, Kane; C. M. Colegrove, Smethport; Dennie Davis, Kane; Griffin Hatfield, Bradford; Edward Martin, Marvindale; Thos. H. Morrison, Smethport; F. M. Webster, Bradford; F. M. Wright, Eldred.
Farm Bureau Supt.—F. S. Crossman.
Supt. County Home—C. O. Taylor.
Probation Officers—Grace E. Cole, J. A. Lindsey.

Borough.

Burgess—Warley Gifford.
Council—C. M. Colegrove, pres.; F. H. Biever, secy.; Claude Hackett, B. T. Garlick, W. B. Hopper, J. A. Lindholm, W. H. Hungerford, J. S. Tull.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
School Directors—E. A. Studholme, pres.; G. W. Mitchell, v. pres.; T. H. Morrison, secy.; W. F. Specht, treas.; T. F. Hungiville.
Board of Health—Dr. John Clark, secy.
Constable—C. B. Dickinson.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—W. A. Burdick.
Auditors—[illegible] Masser, E. W. Strong, F. H. Biever.
Judge of Election—Frank Cummings.
Inspectors of Election—George Barbour, Herman Tull.
Borough Solicitor—R. L. Easton.

9 DAYS ONLY
Jan. 2 To
Jan. 11, 1919

THE FRY COMPANY

SMETHPORT, PA.

TERMS CASH.
Charges Will Be
At Regular Prices

January Clearance Sale

Every Garment, Every Yard Of Goods, Every Bit of Merchandise Is Worth Every Penny Of Its Price Before This Sale - And The Whole Store Will Be Turned Into The Biggest Kind Of A Bargain Bazaar.

UNDERWEAR

Men's, Women's and Children's fleeced-lined and wool Union suits and separate garments. Many garments are now below present wholesale prices and during this sale will be reduced 20%

GLOVES

For Men, Women and Children. Large stock of gloves in fine Glace and Cape Kid— Suede and Knit—lined and heavy driving gloves, an assortment to fit all.

Sale Price, ...20% off.

LACES & EMBROIDERIES

All laces and embroideries during sale One third off.

This store counts its profit making time over on Christmas eve, the week between Christmas and New Years is devoted to preparations for our big Annual January Clearance Sale. Odd lots are sorted and small lines of Fall and Winter merchandise are put on Bargain tables and priced for quick disposal—the price cutter sharpens his pencil and goes through the whole store and then we are ready for the finishing touch to the years' business. Previous prices— Original Costs —Profits and everything else are ignored. The only question is what will it sell for quickly, so that we may have the room for Spring stocks, soon to arrive.—Bring a Dollar—a Five—a Ten or a Twenty dollar bill to this store while this sale is on and go home with a bunch of bargains in new seasonable merchandise that will delight you and astonish your friends and neighbors.

Come this is the main chance of the Winter season to reduce the high cost of living.

SILKS

Yard wide silks—Taffeta—Messaline and fancy ...
Choice of our stock, ...20% off

DRESS GOODS

Bargains in dress goods. One lot of dress goods that are now below wholesale price, will be reduced during sale 20%

RIBBONS

Entire stock of ribbon, sale price, ...20% off

COATS AND SUITS

MISSES' and WOMEN'S COATS

One $14.50 Brown Zebeline, size 12,	$9.85.
One $11.00 Brown Mix Velvet Cord, size 14	$7.35.
One $14.50 Green Zebeline, size 14,	$9.85.
One $16.50 Plum Plush, size 14,	$11.00.
One $15.50 Brown Chase Plush, size 15,	$10.00
One $19.50 Green Mix Cheviot, size 15,	$13.00.
One $20.50, Brown Mix Army Cloth, size 15,	$10.07
One $16.50 Green Plaid, size 16,	$8.25.
One $20.50 Green Velour, size 18,	$17.05.
One $37.50 Grey Mix Army Cloth size 18	25.00.
One $26.50 Black Melton, size 20,	$13.25.
One $38.50 Brown Melton, size 20,	$24.05.
One $21.50 Green Mix Cheviot, size 38	$14.35.
One $22.50 Blk. Velour, size 38,	$15.00.
One $26.50 Plum Plush, size 38,	$17.05.
One $21.50 Navy Cheviot, size 40,	$10.75.
One $21.50 Brown Cheviot, size 40,	$14.35.
One $26.50 Blk. Plush, size 40,	$10.07.
One $38.50 Green Velour, size 40,	$24.05.
One $45.00 Navy Plush, size 40,	$30.00.
One $45.00 Amethyst Plush, size 40,	$30.00.
One $21.50 Navy Cheviot, size 42,	$14.35.
One $26.50 Taupe Velour, size 42,	$17.05.
One $45.00 Brown Plush, size 42,	$30.00.
One $47.50 Blk. Plush size 45,	$31.63.

CHILDREN'S COATS

One $9.00 Brown Cheviot, size 9,	$6.00.
One $11.50 Blk. Zebeline, size 9,	$7.65.
One $12.00 Caston Plush, size 9,	$8.00.
One $12.00 Taupe Plush, size 11,	$8.00.
One $12.00 Brown Zebeline, size 12,	$8.00

WOMEN'S SUITS

One $42.50 Blk. Poplin, size 36,	$28.35.
One $42.50 Navy Poplin, size 36,	$28.35.
One $38.50 Navy Serge, size 38,	$24.05
One $30.50 Navy Serge, size 38,	$25.50.
One $35.00 Blk. Serge, size 45,	$23.35.

FURS

Thoroughly dependable furs, made up in the leading styles of muffs and scarfs ... Wolf, Lynx, Opossum, Raccoon, Coney, Mink, etc., Regular Price $3.50 to $31.00

January Sale $2.80 to $24.80.

MEN'S SWEATERS

$6.50 January Sale Price $6.50.
$5.00 ..... $3.75.
$4.50 ..... $3.00
$3.50 ..... $2.69

CHILDREN'S SWEATERS

Red, Old Rose, Copenhagen, Turquoise, Cerise

$5.00 Sale Price ..... $3.69.
$4.75 Sale Price ..... $3.59.
$4.50 Sale Price ..... $3.50.
$3.25 Sale Price ..... $2.50.

LADIES' SWEATERS

At reduced prices during January Sale, 20 to 50% off.

NOTIONS

6c Coats Thread	5c.
15c. Sewing Silk	12c.
5c. Darning Cotton	4c.
10c Shoe Laces	7c.
7c. Kid Curlers	5c.
12c. White R. M. C.	10c.
28c Scissors	22c.
25c Twin-Flex Knitting Needles	19c.

TOYS

All Toys 1-3 to 1-2 off.

SCARFS

Men's fine quality, silk and knit scarfs, regular price 25c. to $2.00.

Sale price, ...20% off.

NIGHT-SHIRTS

Men's Extra quality Amoskeag flannelette night shirts

$2.25 sale price ..... $1.80.
$2.00 sale price $1.60
$1.25 Flannelette night shirts ..... 98c.

FLANNEL SHIRTS

Men's wool flannel shirts, regular $3.00 quality $2.49
$2.00 Flannelette shirts $1.49

MEN'S SOCKS

Cashmere socks in black, oxford and natural gray. Regular 55c. quality.

Sale Price ..... 42c.

SHIRTS

One lot of Monarch shirts, about 40 patterns to choose from Regular $1.25 values,

Sale Price ..... 95c.

One lot of Arrow Shirts, fine quality. Regular $1.50 and $2.00 values. Sale Price .. $1.19.

JEWELRY

One lot of jewelry, stick pins, cuff-links, tie clasps, broach and bar pins. Sale Price 1-3 off.

TOWELINGS

All linen, and cotton towelings, regular price, 15c to 45c. January Sale Price .... 20% off.

TABLE LINENS

Mercerized and Linen Table Damask, 50c to $2.50 per yd.,

Sale Price ..... 20% off.

GINGHAMS

Choice of our entire lot of 27-inch ginghams, best quality. Plaid —Stripes and Checks. Regular price ..... 35c.

Sale Price ..... 28c.

COTTONS

35c Cameo, fine white muslin ..... 29c.
35c Hill's Bleached Cotton 29c.
28c. Peerless Unbleached Cotton ..... 25c.
32c. Heavy Unbleached Cotton ..... 28c.
75c. 9-4. Sheeting, Bleached Lockwood, ... 68c.
65c. 9-4 Sheeting, Bleached, ... 57c.

OUTING FLANNEL

20c. Outing, unbleached,	16c.
27c. Colored outings	23c.
35c. Fancy outings	25c.
39c. Colored outings,	32c.
42c. Yard wide outing	35c.

BLANKETS

$13.50 Wool Army Blankets, size 66x84, ... $9.75
$8.50 Wool mixed Army Blankets ..... $6.50.
$11.75 Wool bed blankets, size 70x80, white, gray and plaid ..... $9.50.
$10.75 Wool Blankets .. $8.50.

WOMEN'S BLOUSES

Sizes 36 to 49. Reduced 25%.

New and up to the minute garments, Georgettes, Crepes, Messalines Taffetas Voiles, Batistes, Lawns, Madras and Flannel. Regular prices $1.00 to $8.50. January Sale 75c to $6.38.

One lot slightly soiled waists, at Half Price.

TAILORED SKIRTS

Sizes 24 to 29, Reduced 25%.

Wool Serges, Poplins, Silk Taffetas etc., Regular prices, $4.75 to $9.75. Now 3.56 to 7.31.

RUGS AND CARPETS

$11.50 Sunfast Rugs, sizes 9x12 in brown, blue and green figured, ... $10.39

$13.75 Wool and Fibre Rugs, sizes 9x12, bed room rugs that wear and give satisfaction $11.75

60c. Granite Carpet, 36 inches wde. Sale Price ..... 45c.

One lot of Congoleum, new, attractive pattern .... 90c. yd.